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SONIC

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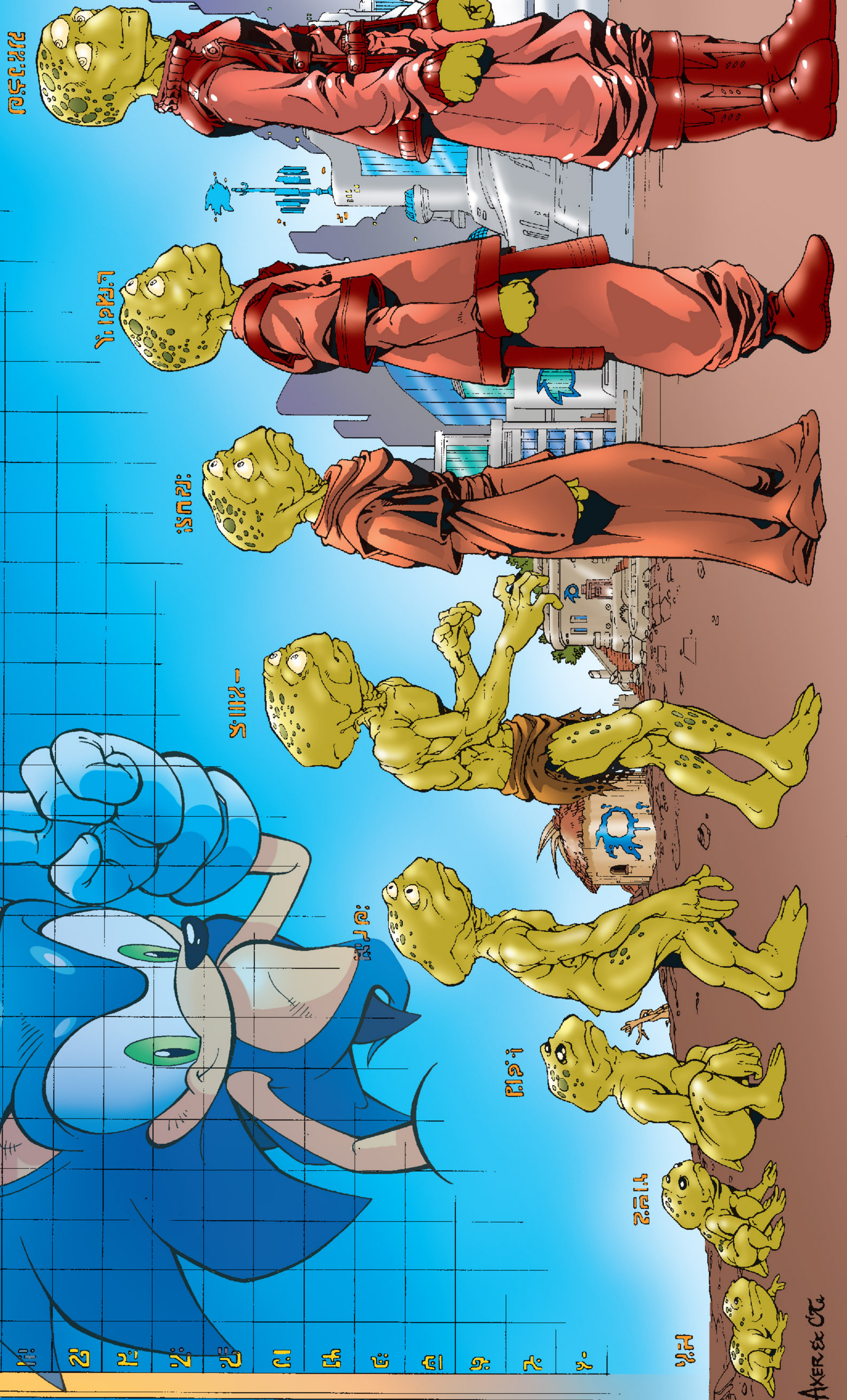
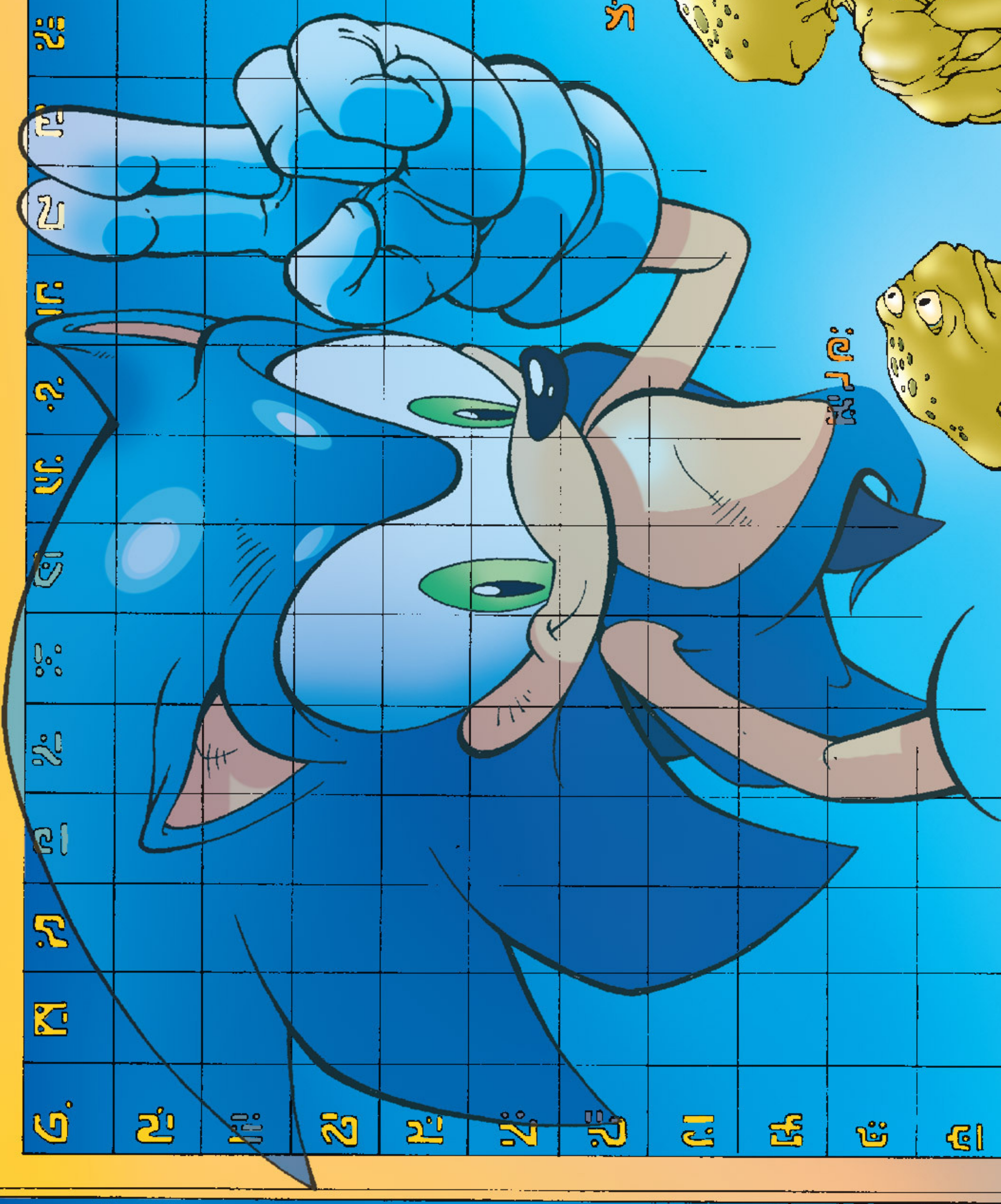
THE HEDGEHOG



SPAZ
KIBETRO
D.D.P.A.

המחנך והמורה
המורה והמחנך

א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י יא יב יג יד יו יז יח יט כ כא כב כג כד כה כו כז כח כט ל לא לב לד לה לו לז לח לט



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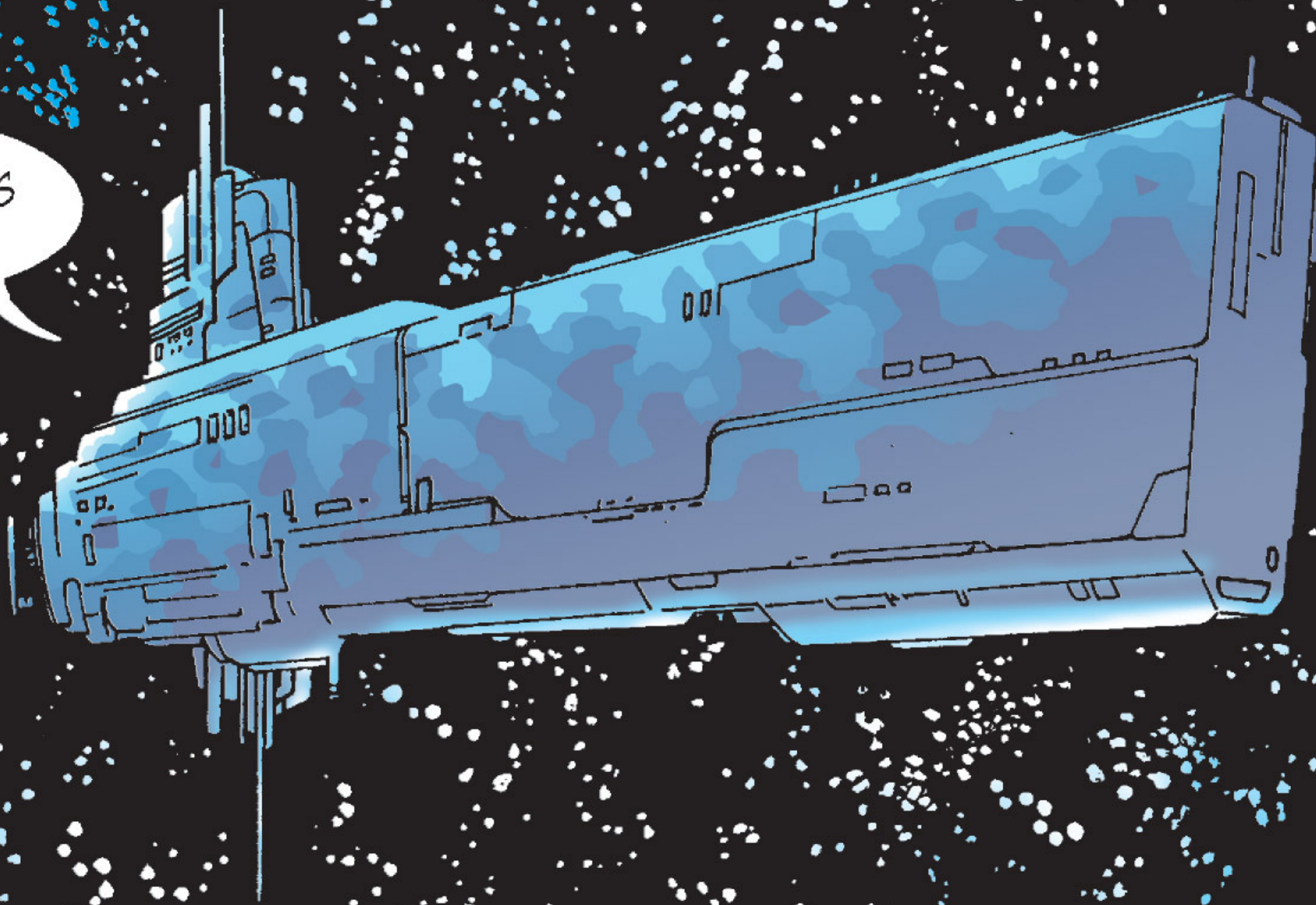
המבוגר

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"TOSSED IN SPACE" PART THREE EVO-SOLUTION

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JASON JENSEN/COLORS JEFF POWELL/LETTERER J.F. GABRIE/EDITOR
VICTOR GORELICK/MANAGING EDITOR RICHARD GOLDWATER/EDITOR IN CHIEF

OKAY, LET'S
SEE...

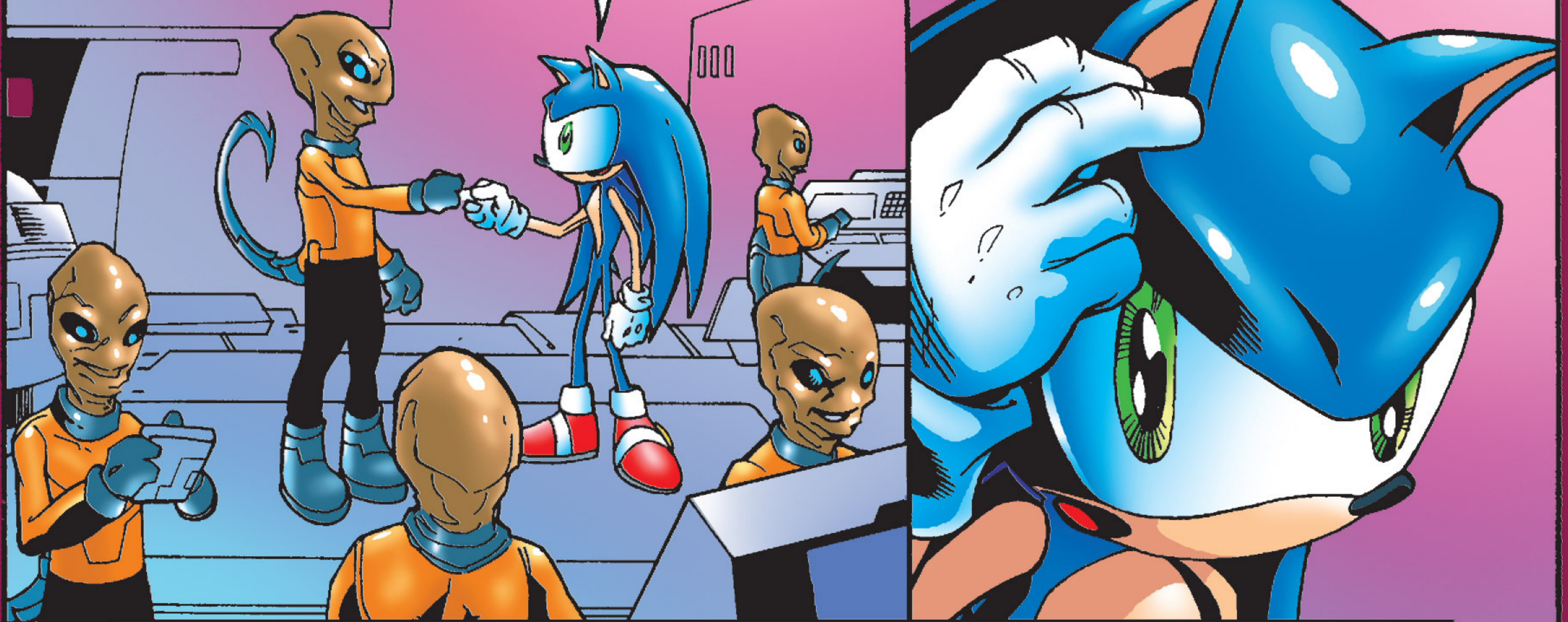


...THE *BLODEX* SAID THAT
ONCE I WAS ONBOARD, YOU *D'NOVULANS*
WOULD GIVE ME AN *IMPLANT* THAT
COULD TRANSLATE ALL INTERGALACTIC
LINGO.

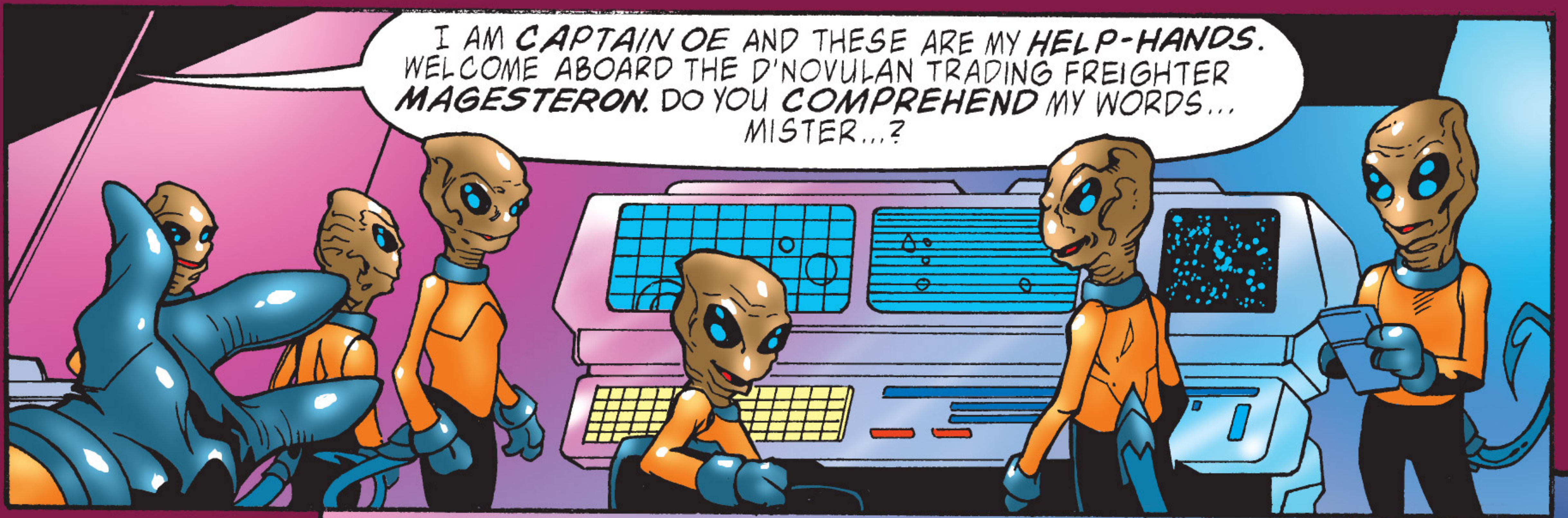
???

Uhh...
THANKS?

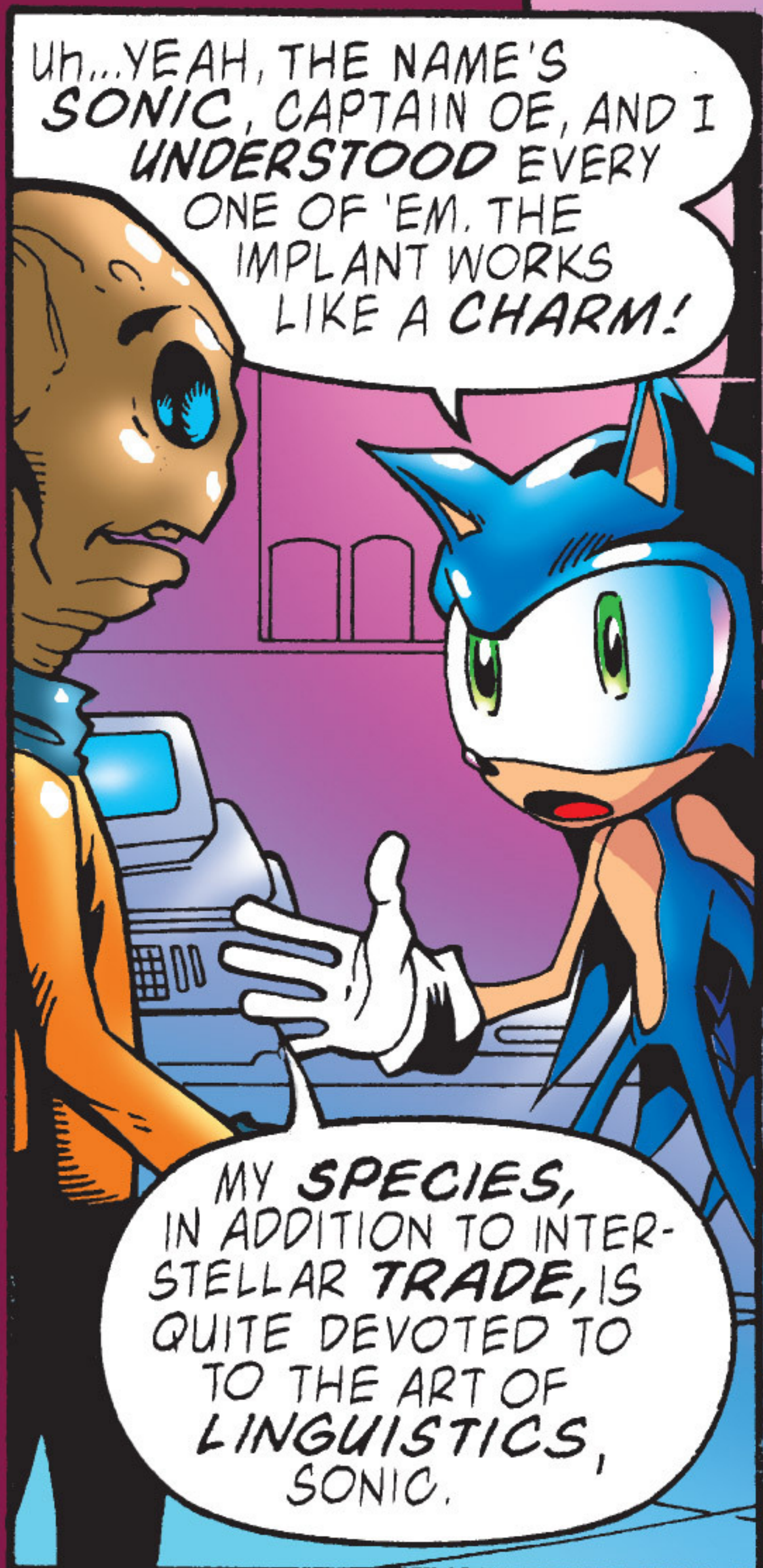
WELL, HERE
GOES NOTHING.
I'M ALL EARS!



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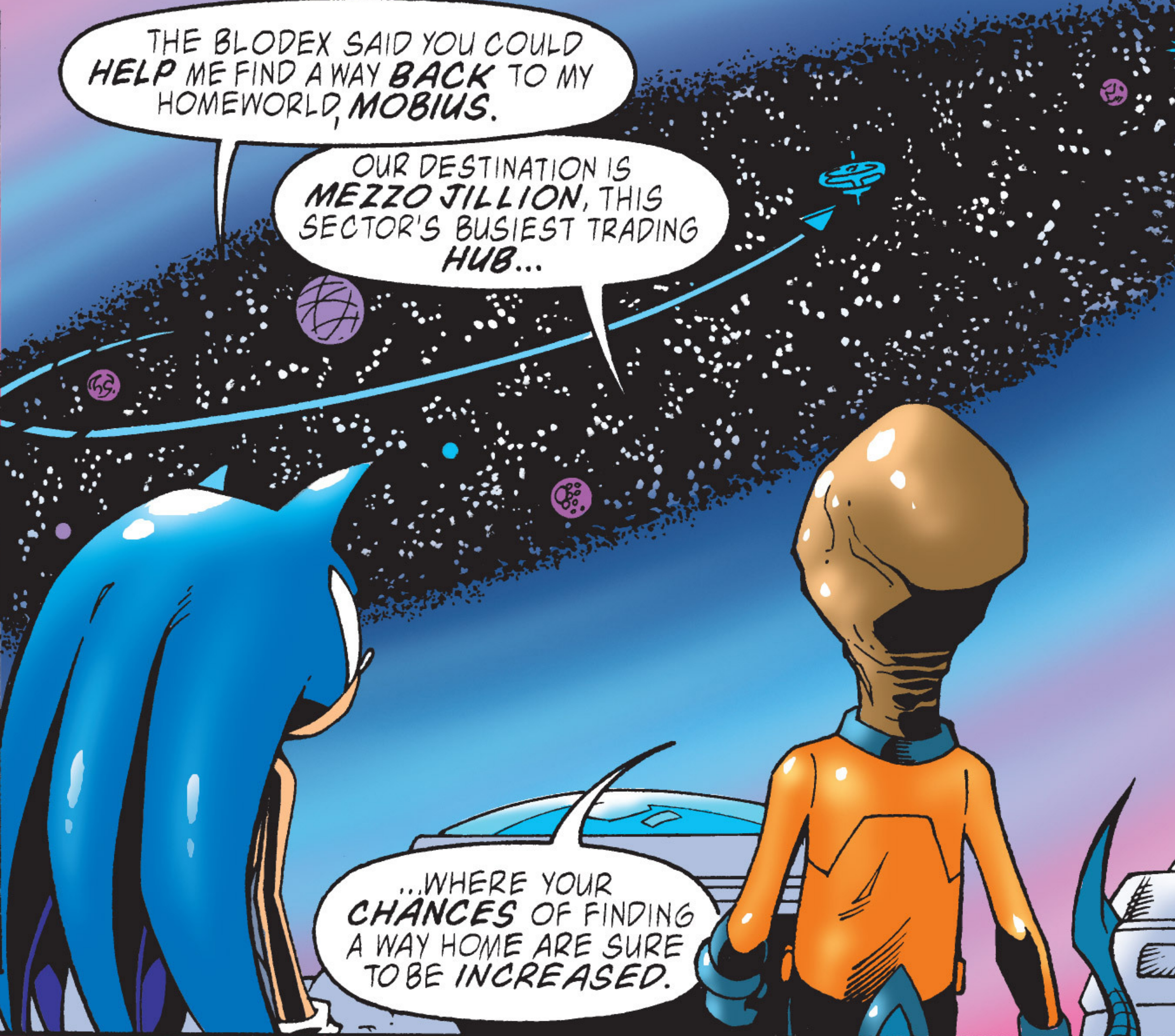


I AM **CAPTAIN OE** AND THESE ARE MY **HELP-HANDS**. WELCOME ABOARD THE **D'NOVULAN TRADING FREIGHTER MAGESTERON**. DO YOU **COMPREHEND MY WORDS...** MISTER...?



Uh...YEAH, THE NAME'S **SONIC**, **CAPTAIN OE**, AND I **UNDERSTOOD EVERY ONE OF 'EM**. THE **IMPLANT WORKS LIKE A CHARM!**

MY **SPECIES**, IN ADDITION TO **INTER-STELLAR TRADE**, IS QUITE DEVOTED TO TO THE **ART OF LINGUISTICS**, **SONIC**.



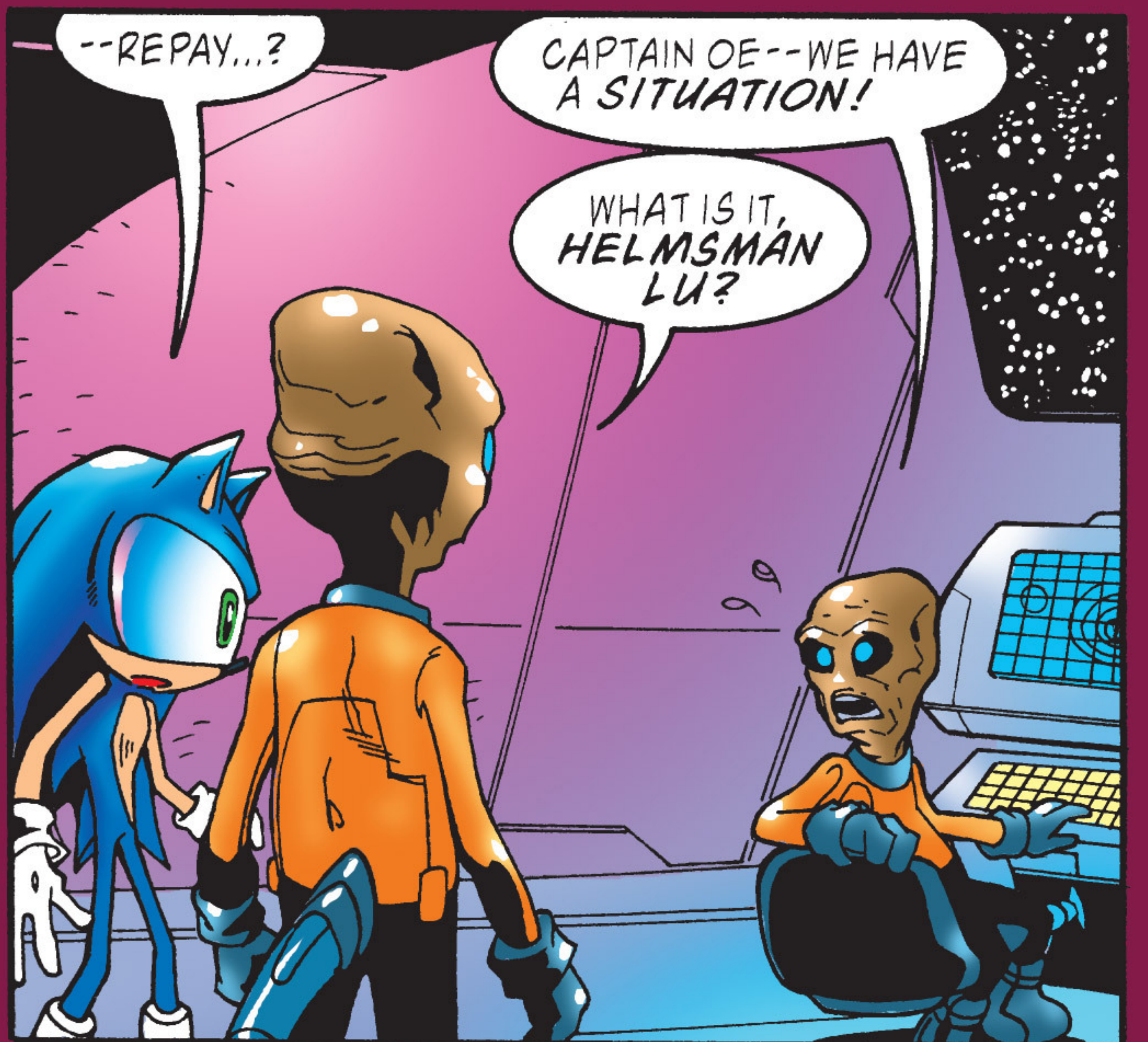
THE **BLODEX** SAID YOU COULD **HELP ME FIND A WAY BACK** TO MY **HOMEWORLD, MOBIUS**.

OUR **DESTINATION IS MEZZO JILLION**, THIS **SECTOR'S BUSIEST TRADING HUB...**

...WHERE YOUR **CHANCES** OF FINDING A WAY HOME ARE SURE TO BE **INCREASED**.



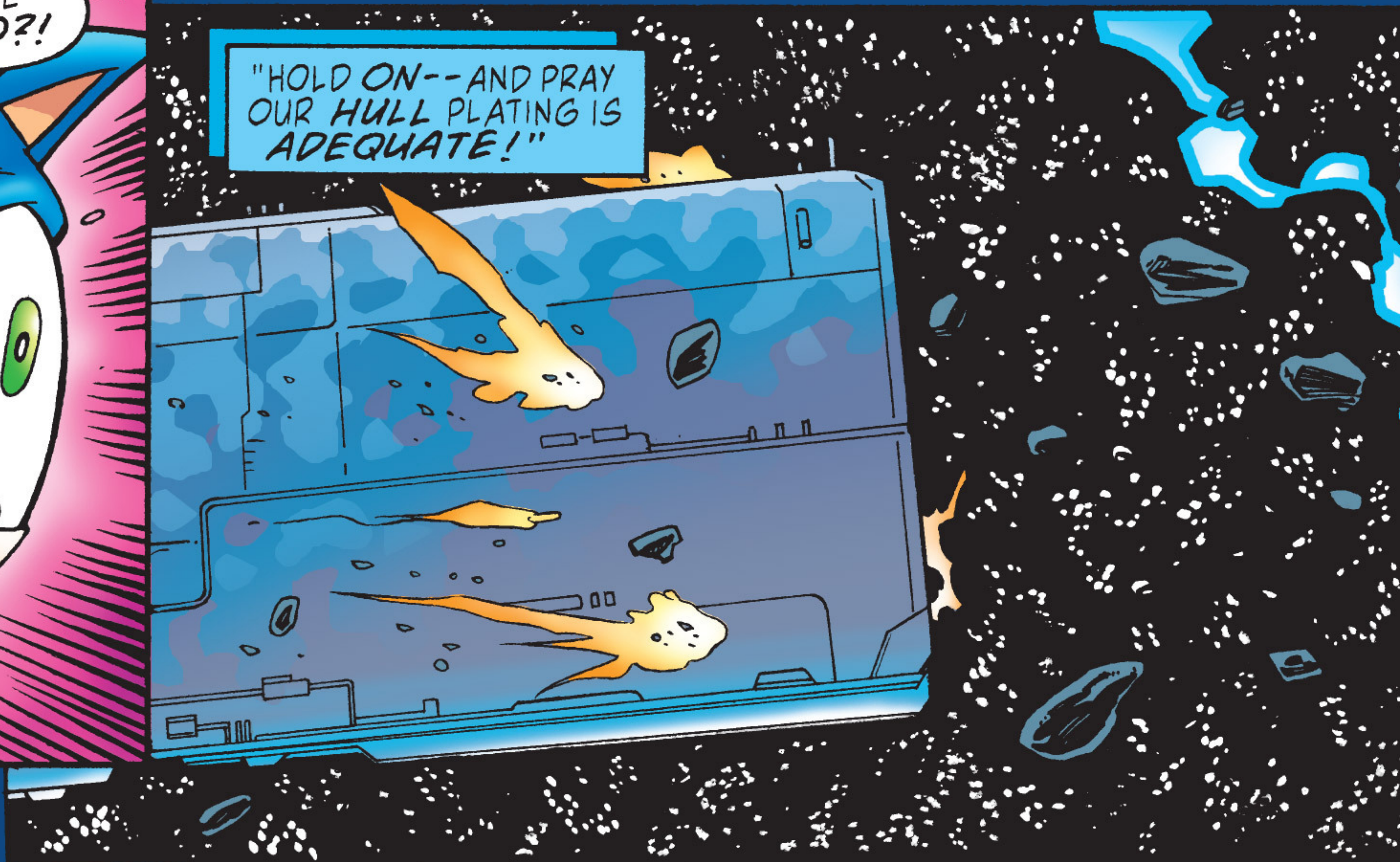
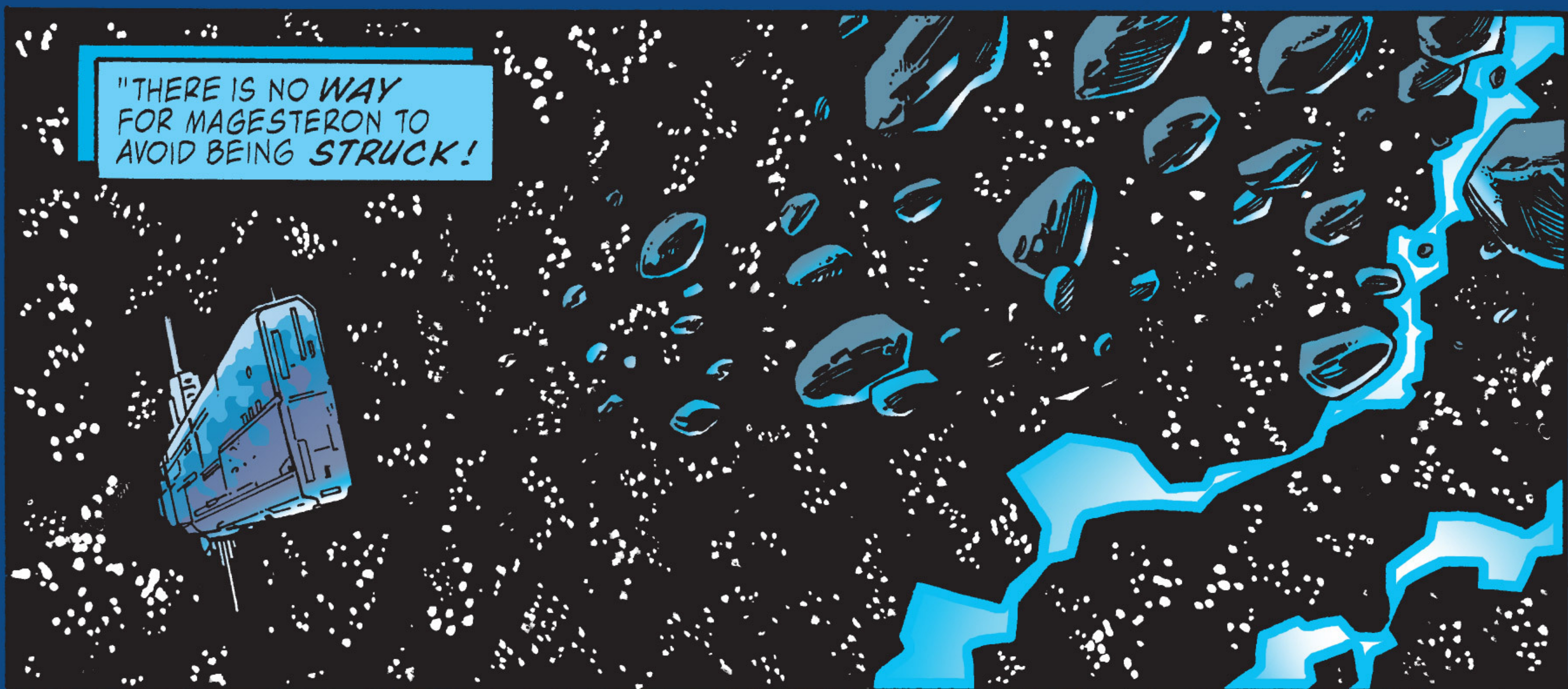
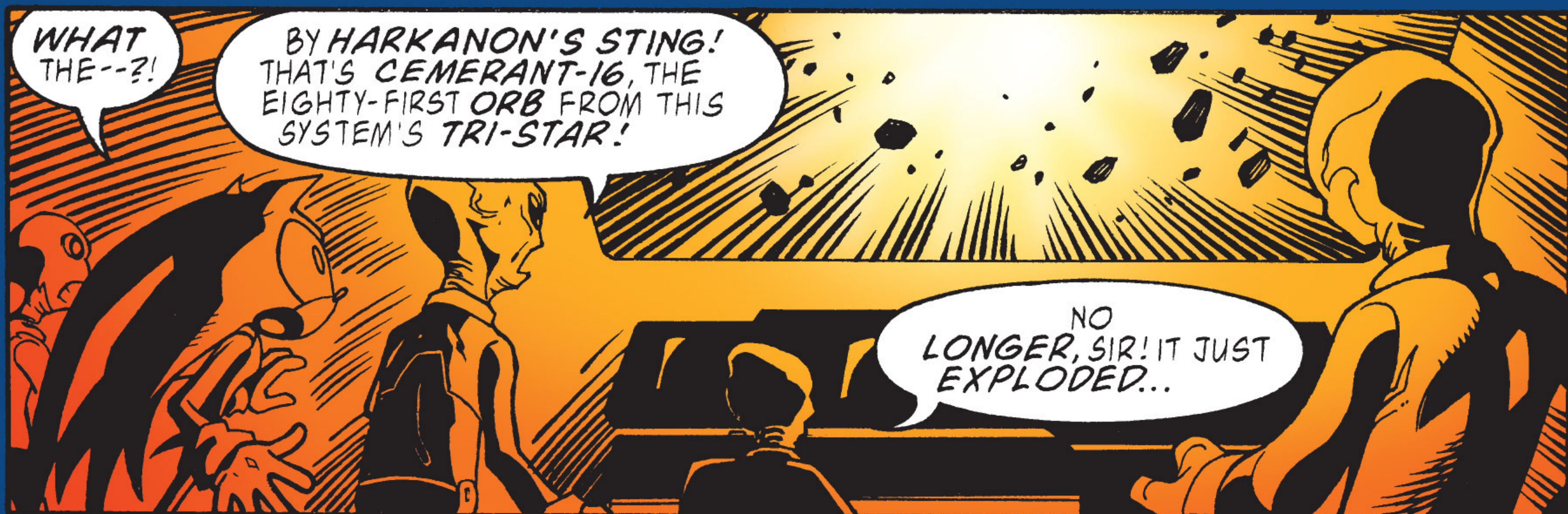
THANKS, DUDES! THIS IS **ONE FAVOR** I DON'T KNOW HOW TO--

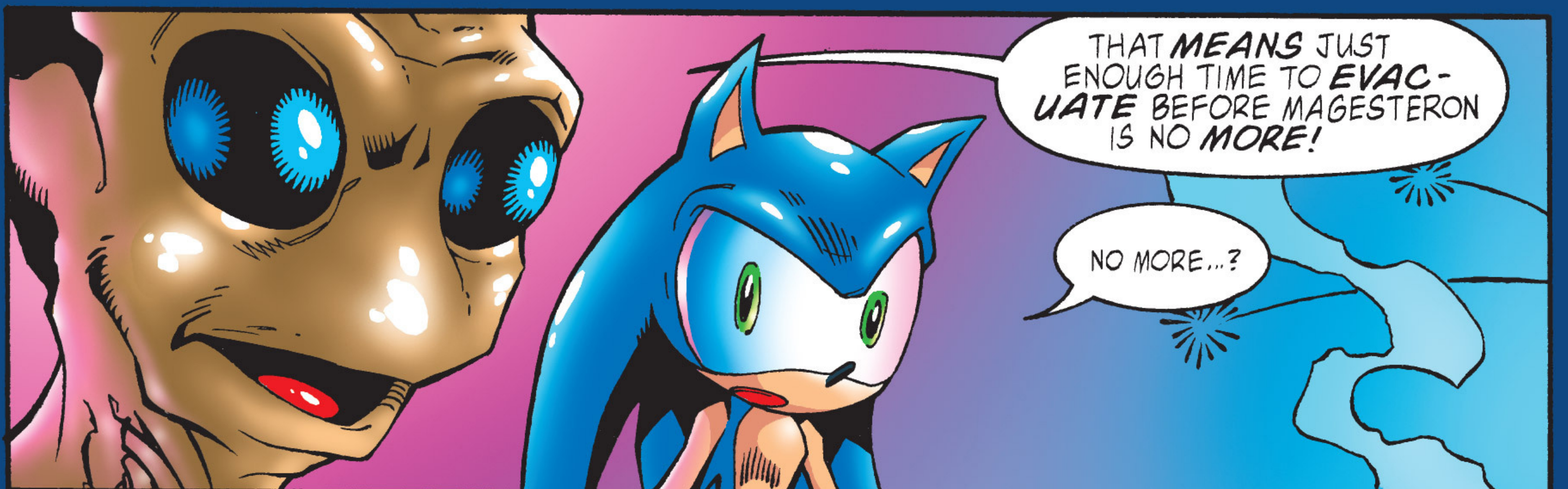
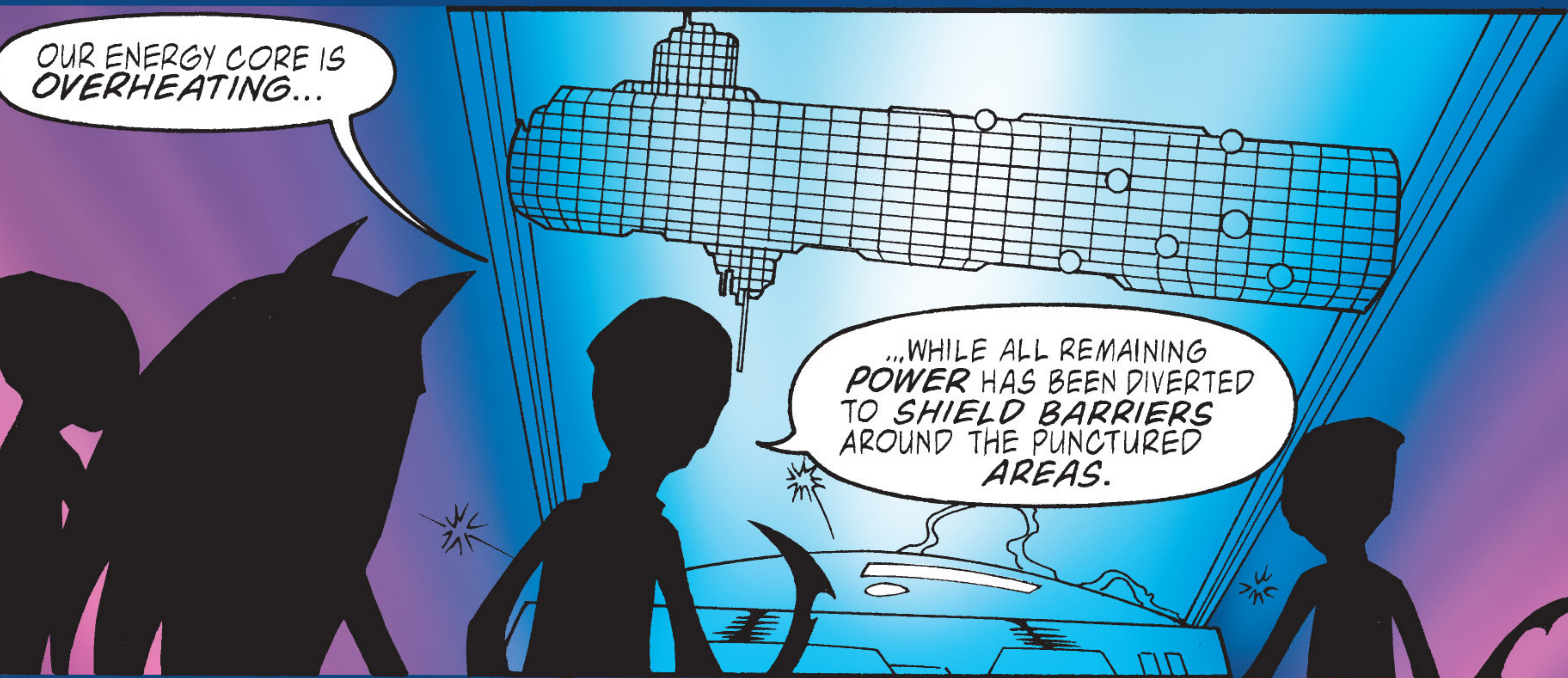
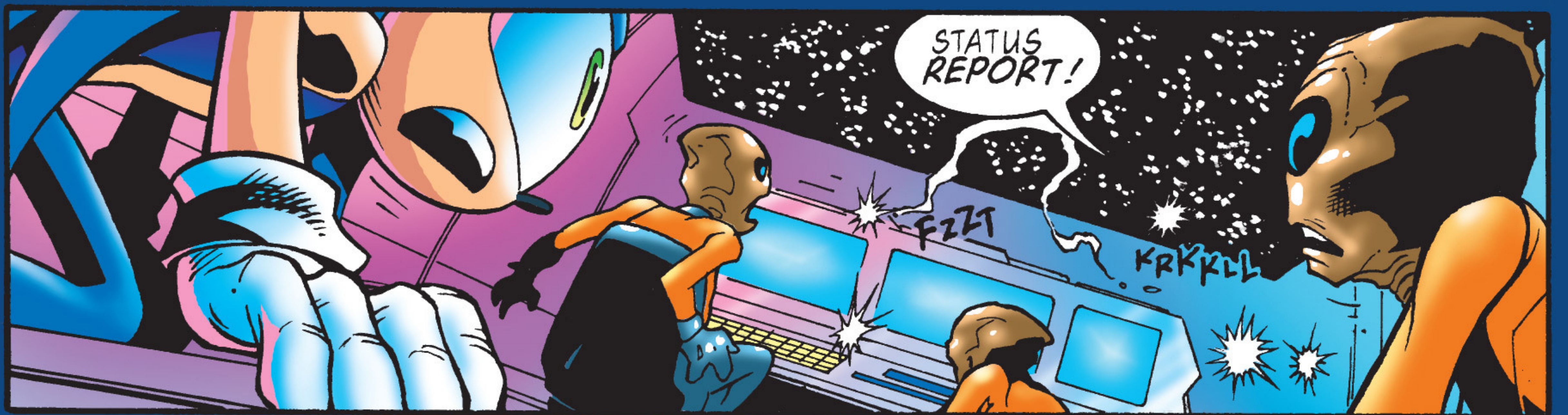
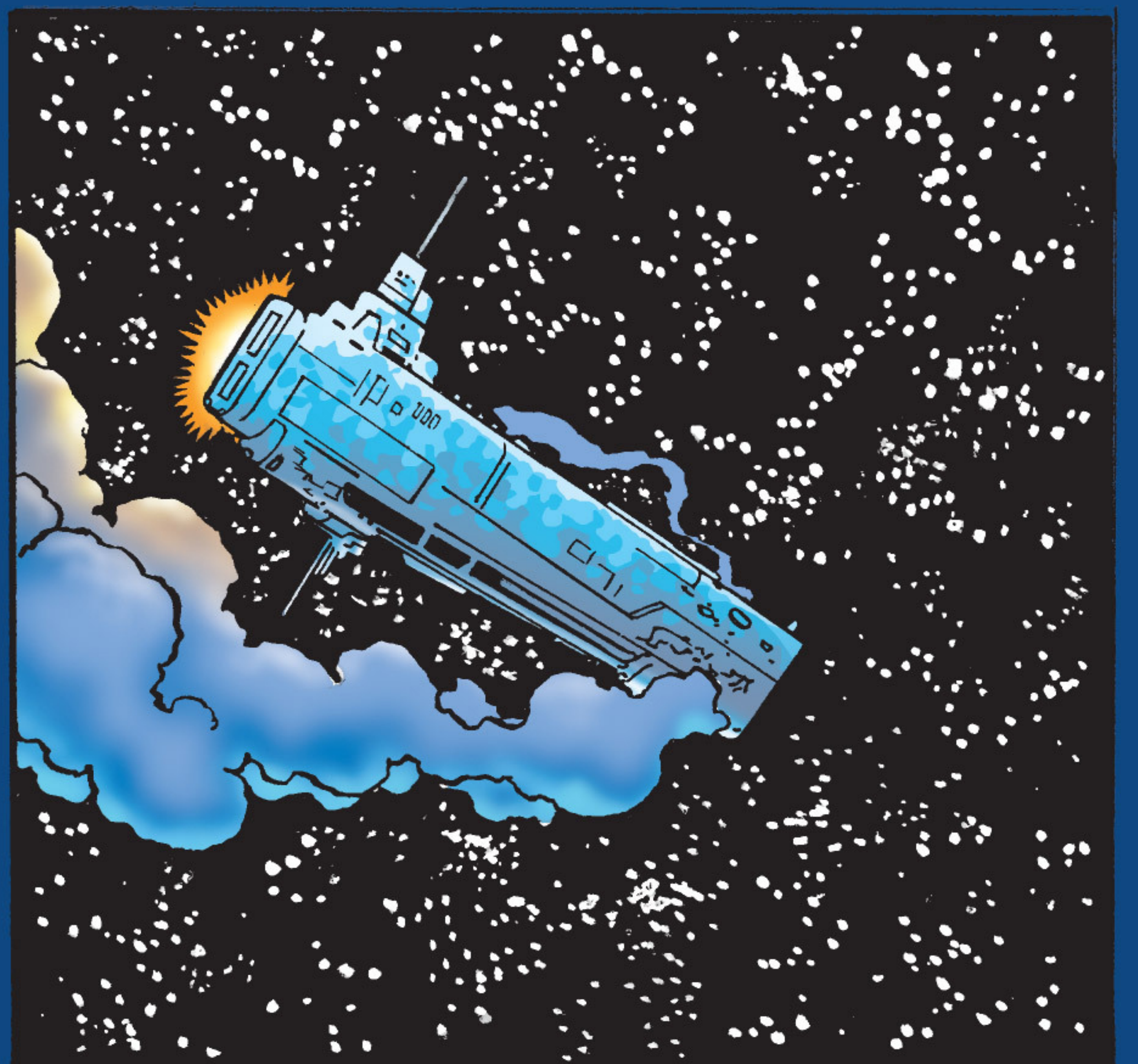


--REPAY...?

CAPTAIN OE--WE HAVE A SITUATION!

WHAT IS IT, **HELMSMAN LU?**



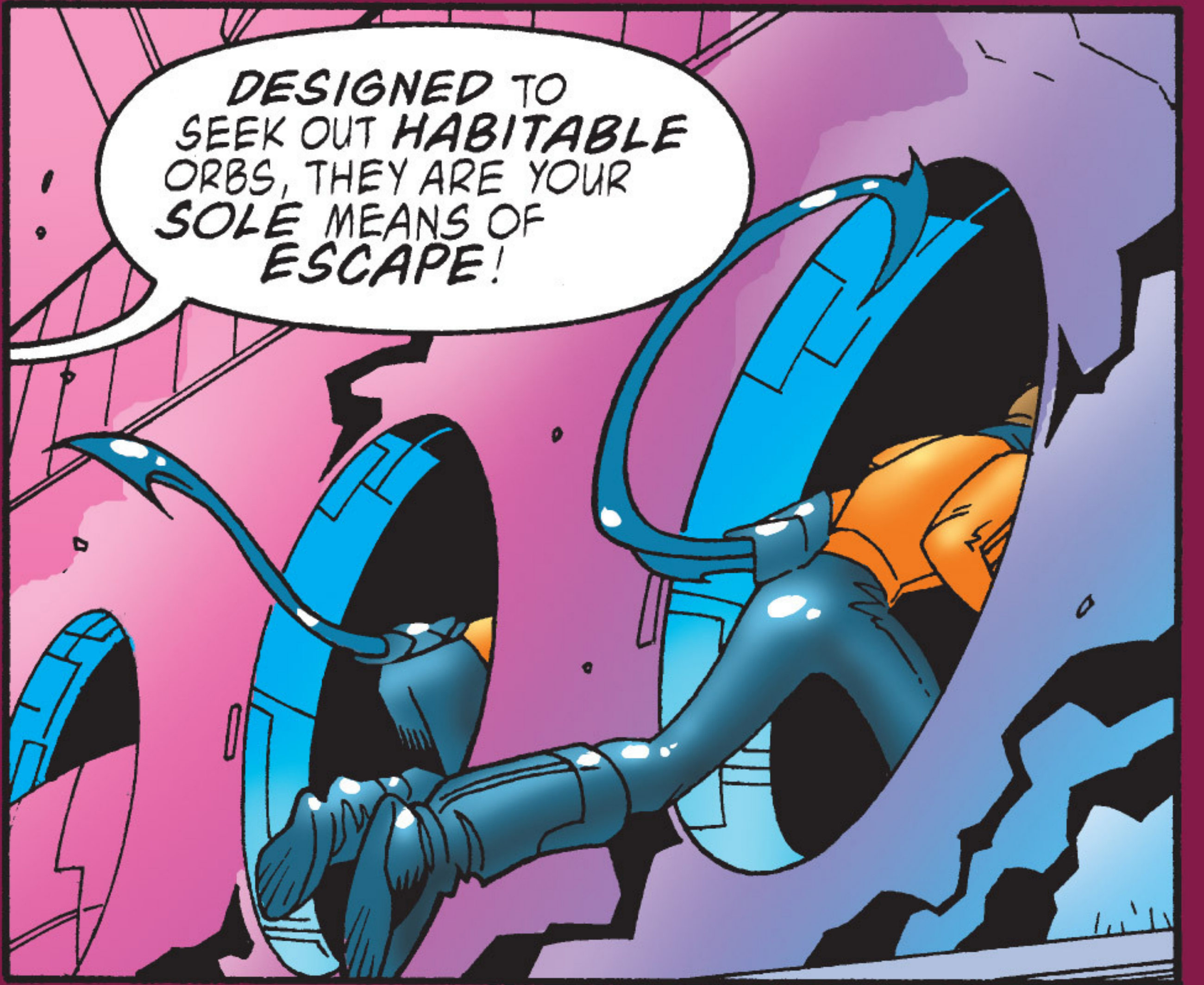


SOON...

WE HAVE LESS THAN A MINUTE LEFT, HELP-HANDS! HASTEN TO THE BIO-PODS!

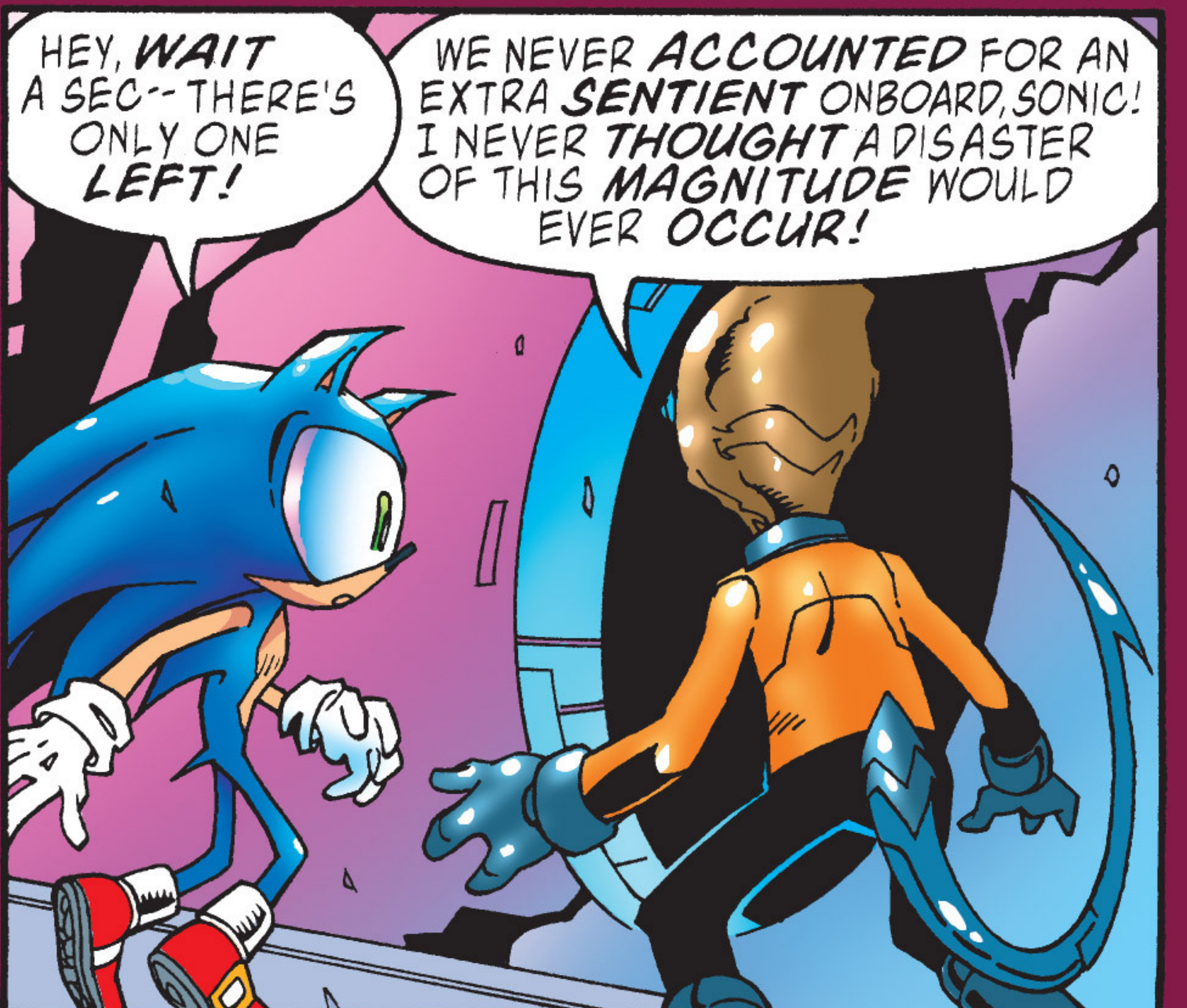


DESIGNED TO SEEK OUT HABITABLE ORBS, THEY ARE YOUR SOLE MEANS OF ESCAPE!

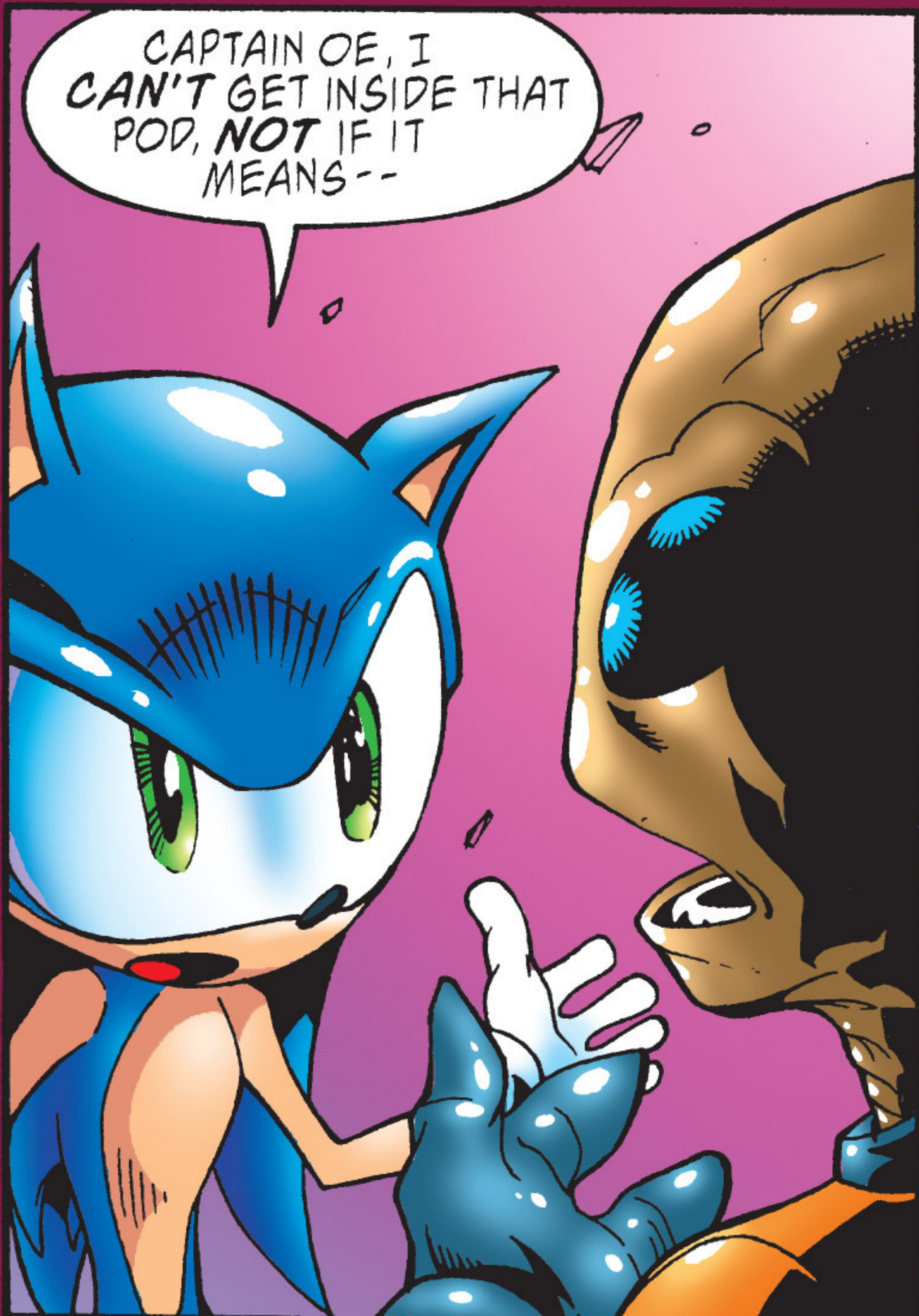


HEY, WAIT A SEC-- THERE'S ONLY ONE LEFT!

WE NEVER ACCOUNTED FOR AN EXTRA SENTIENT ONBOARD, SONIC! I NEVER THOUGHT A DISASTER OF THIS MAGNITUDE WOULD EVER OCCUR!



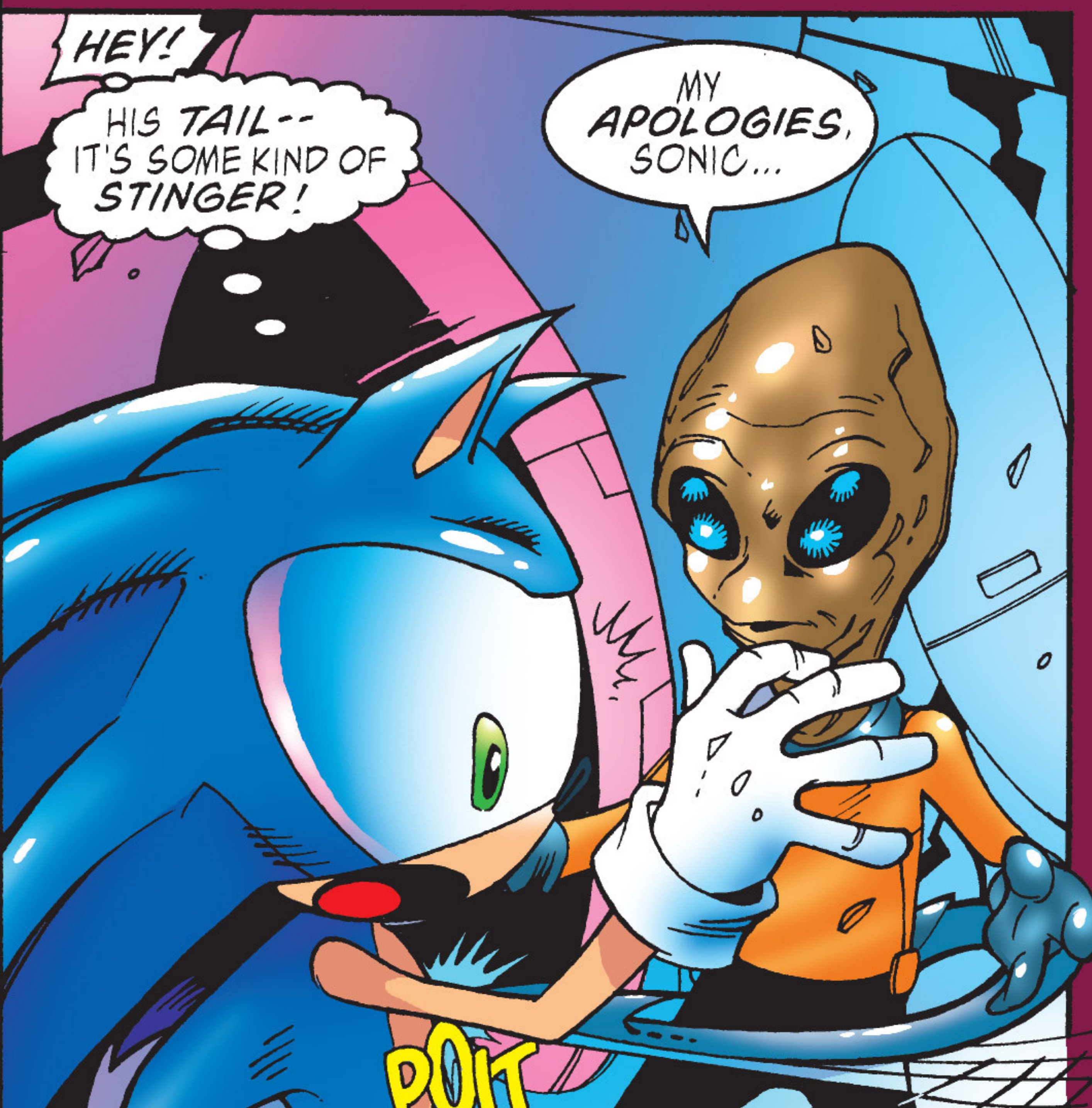
CAPTAIN OE, I CAN'T GET INSIDE THAT POD, NOT IF IT MEANS--

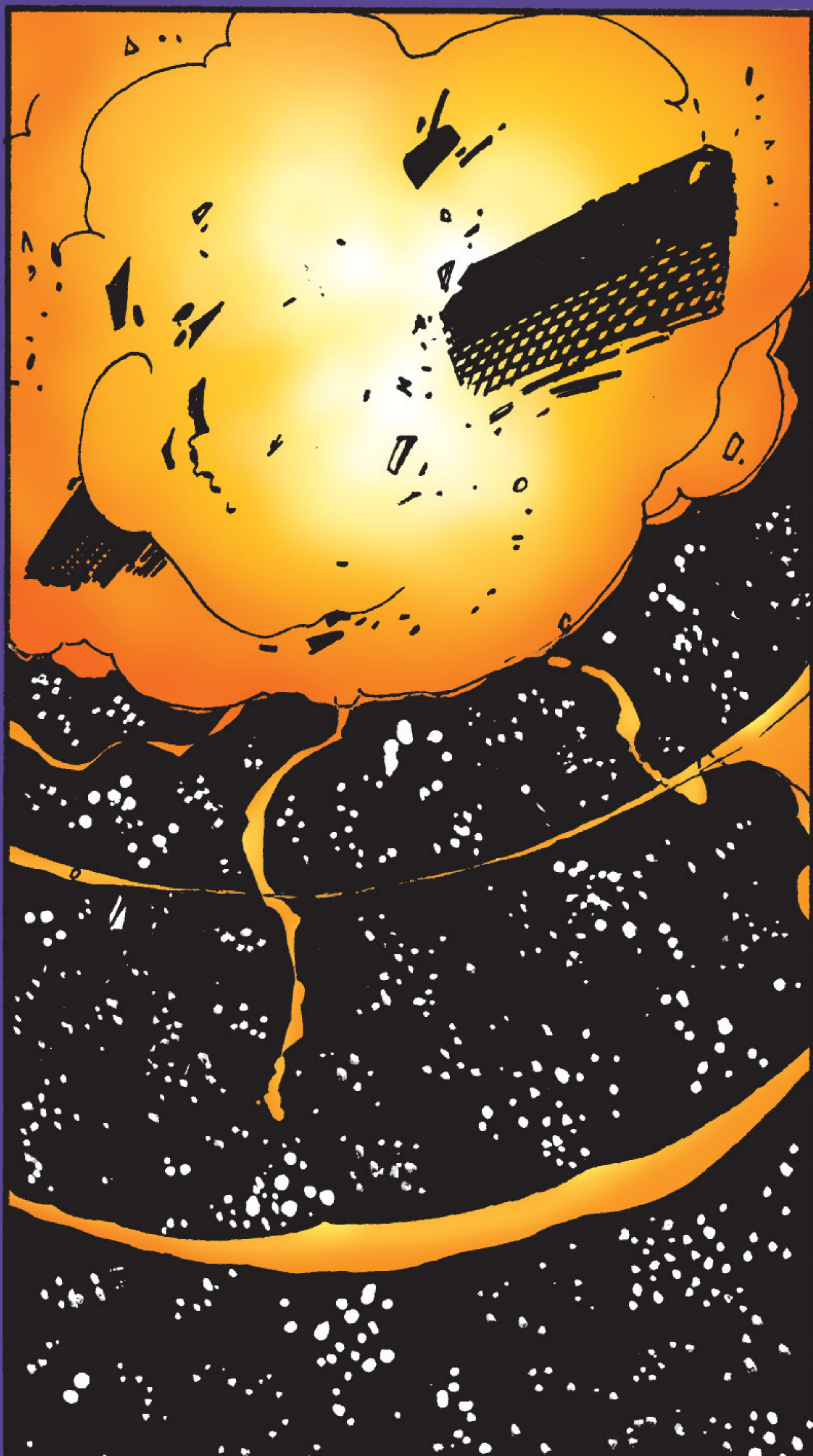
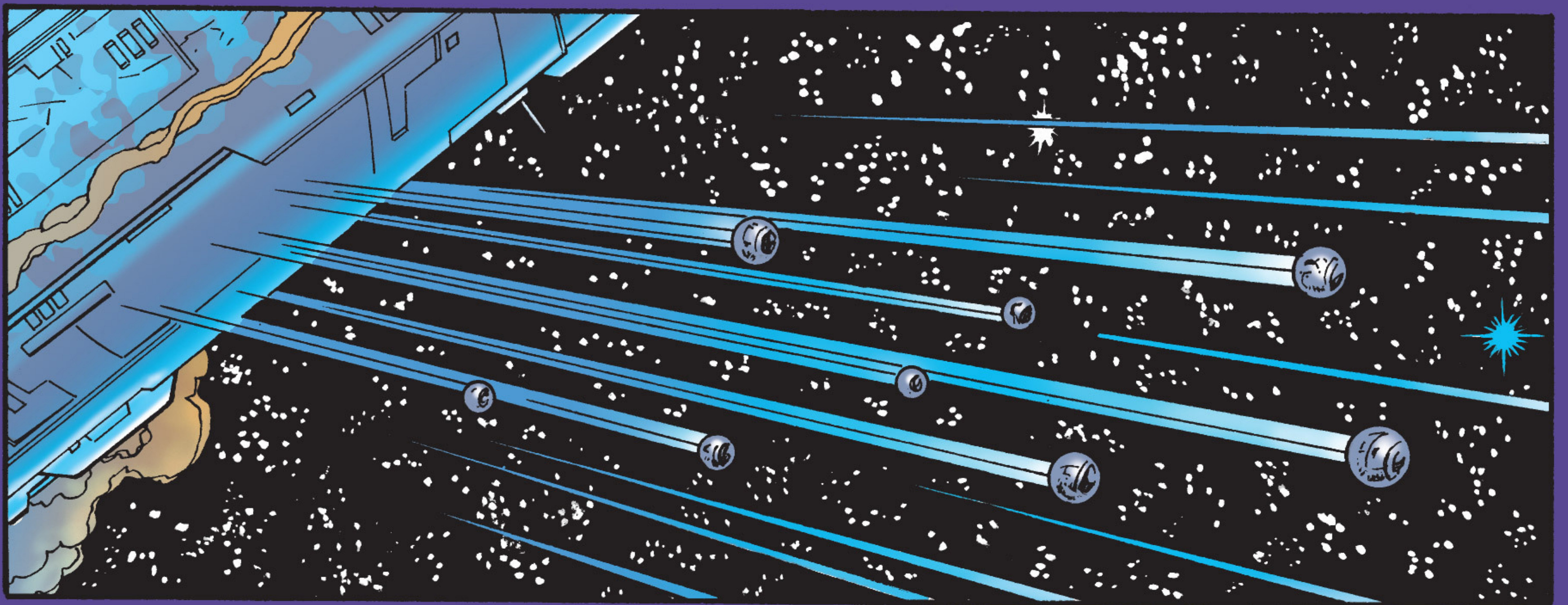


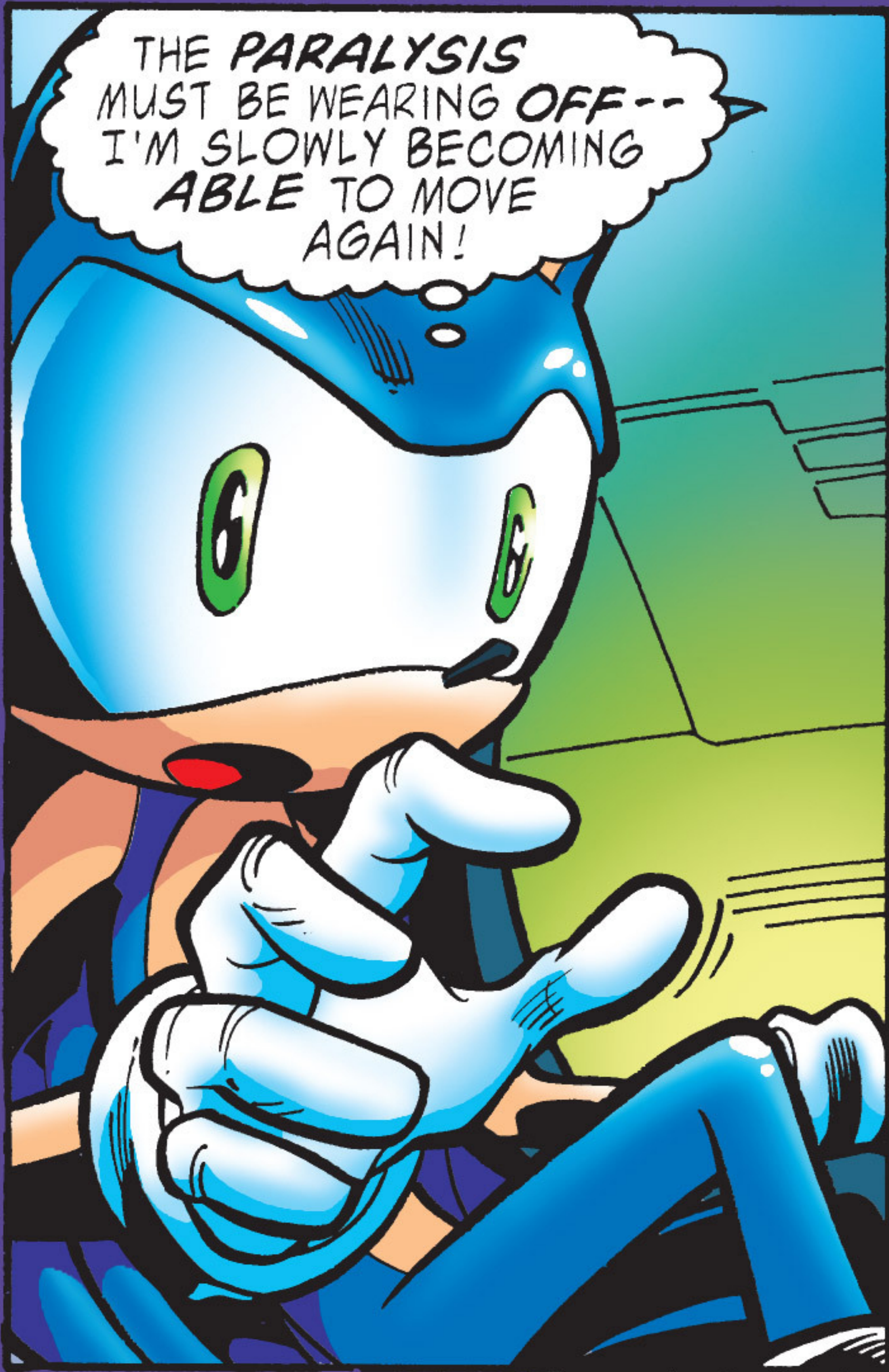
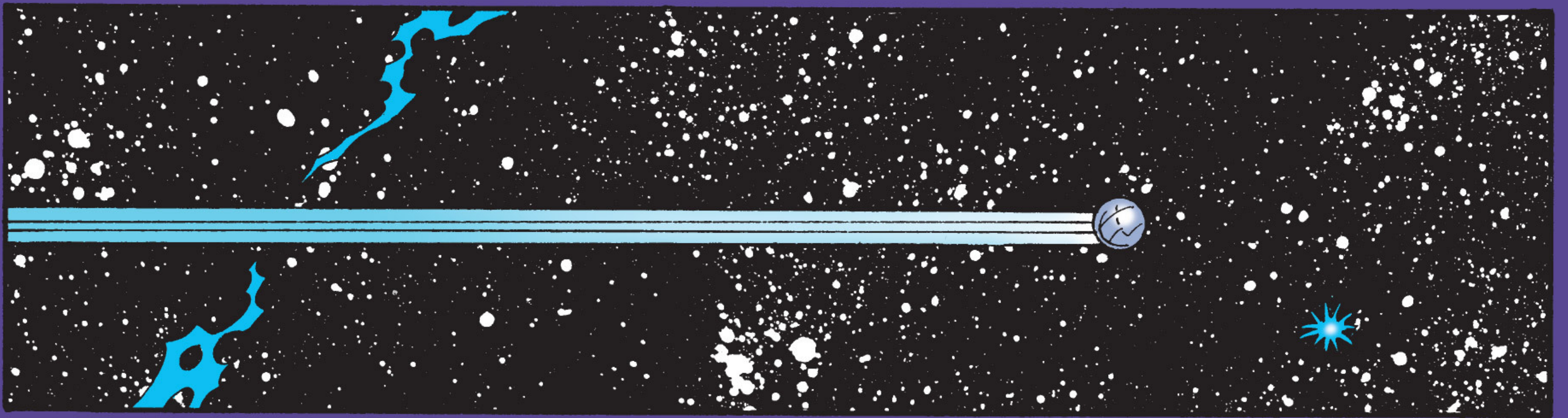
HEY!

HIS TAIL-- IT'S SOME KIND OF STINGER!

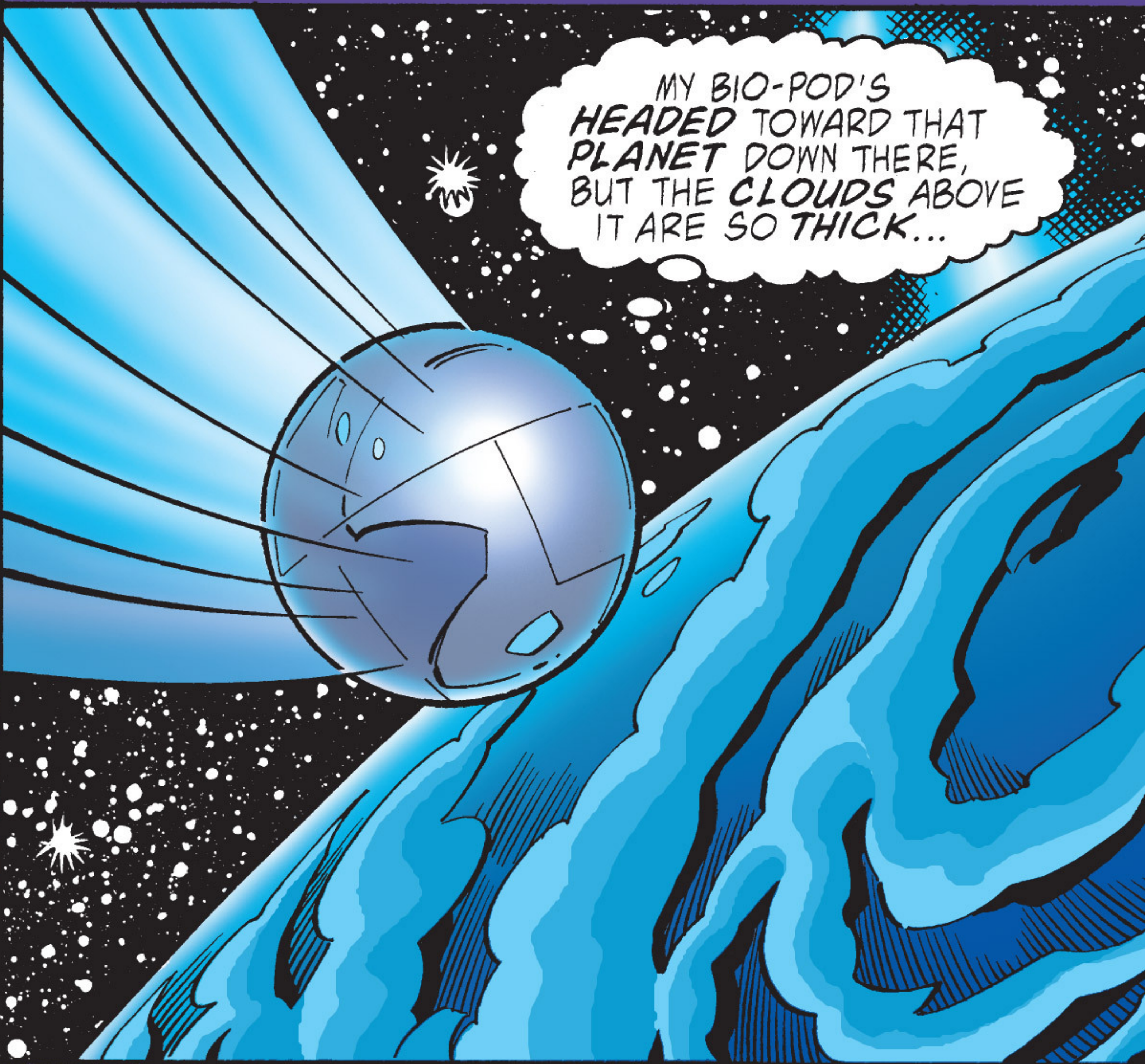
MY APOLOGIES, SONIC...



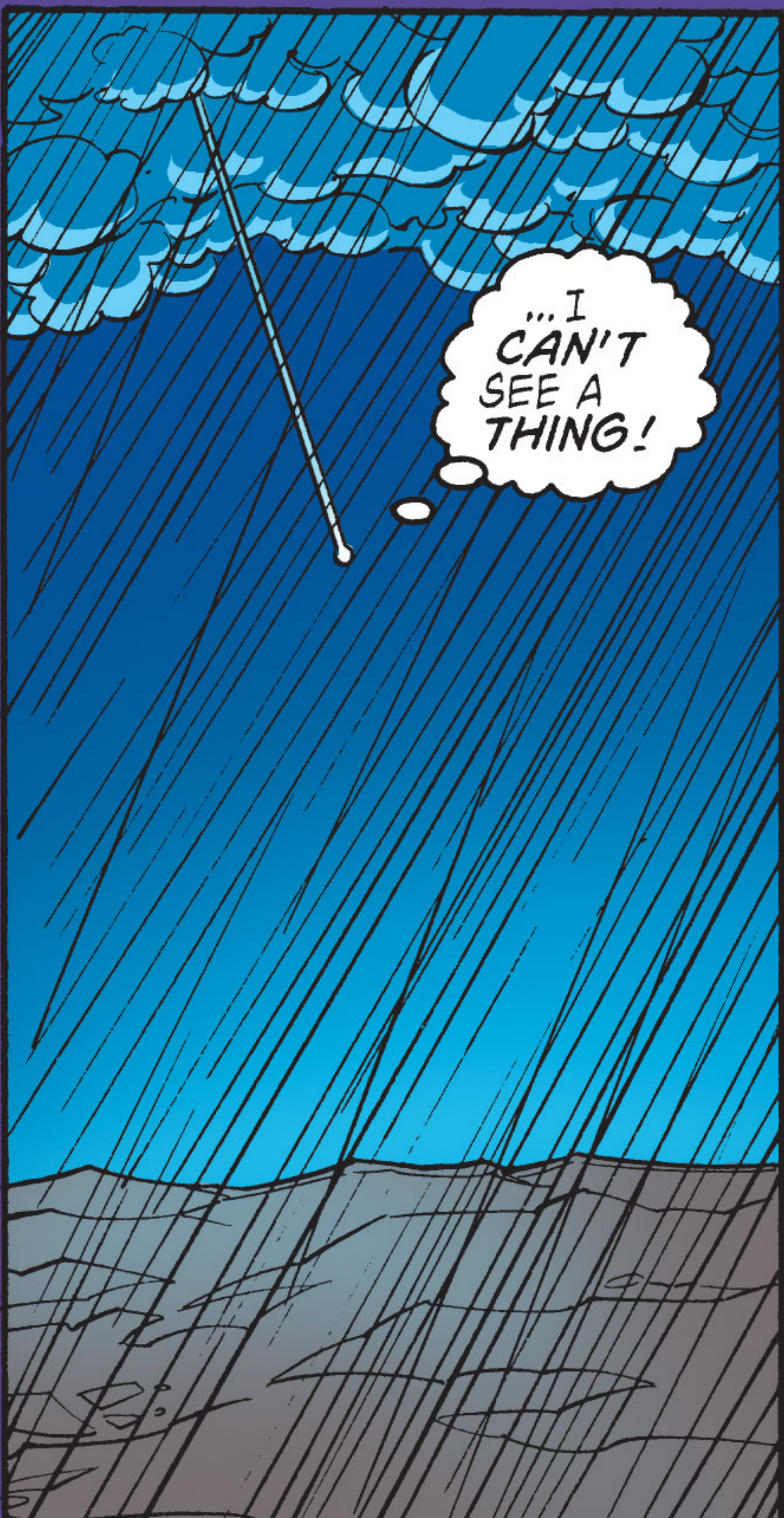




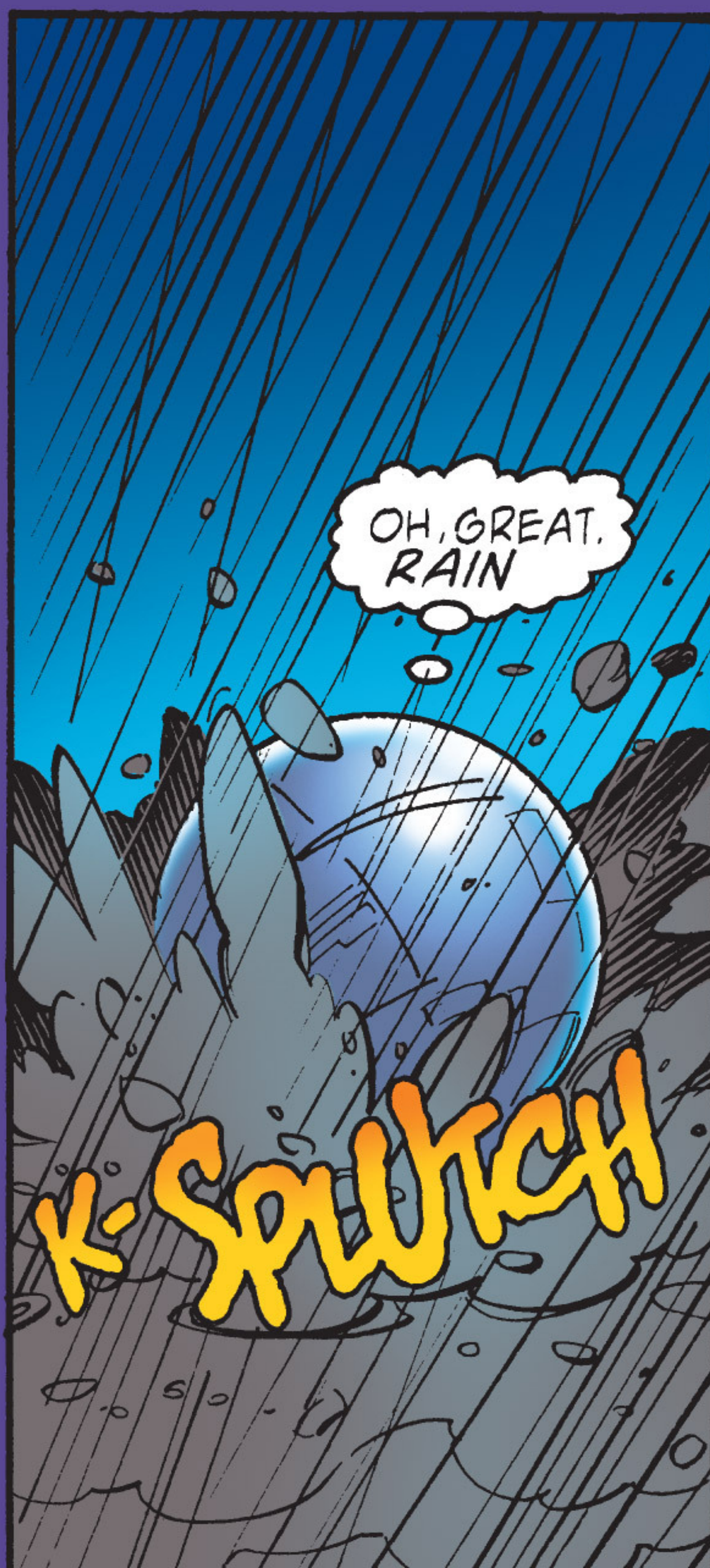
THE PARALYSIS
MUST BE WEARING OFF--
I'M SLOWLY BECOMING
ABLE TO MOVE
AGAIN!



MY BIO-POD'S
HEADED TOWARD THAT
PLANET DOWN THERE,
BUT THE CLOUDS ABOVE
IT ARE SO THICK...

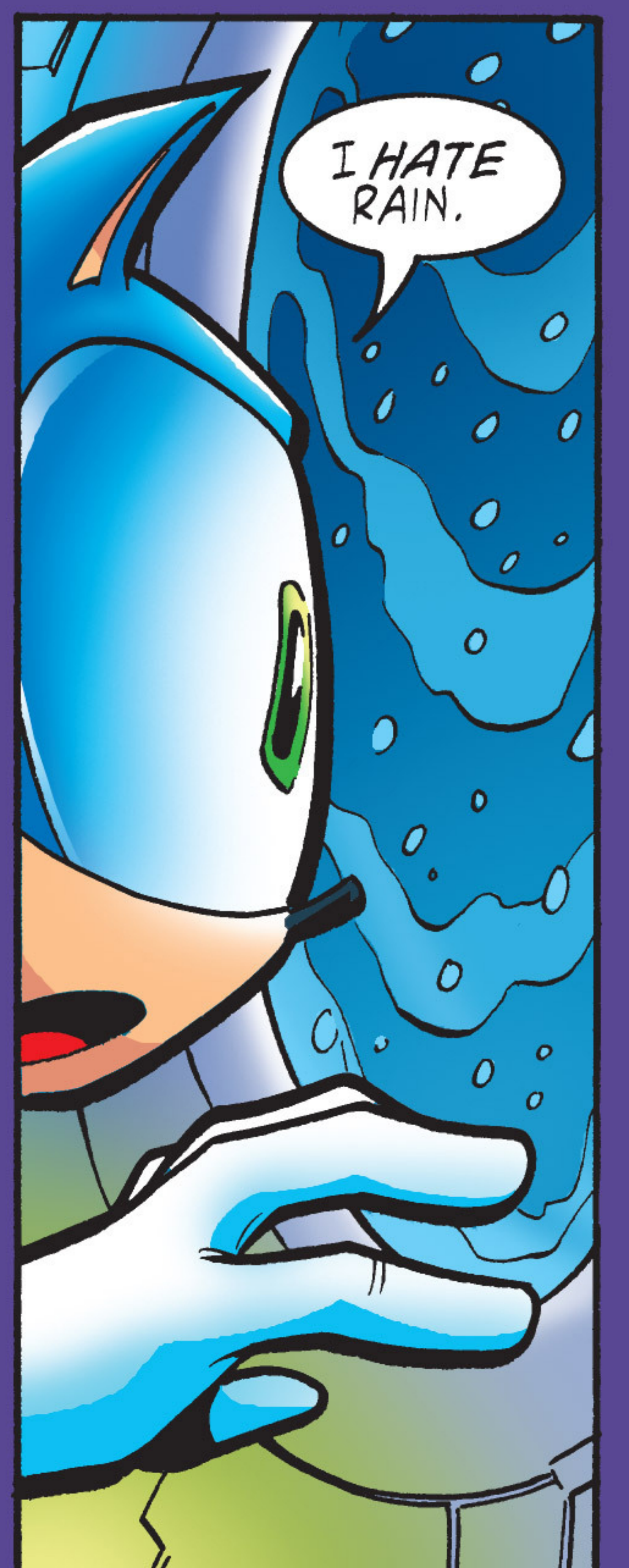


...I
CAN'T
SEE A
THING!



OH, GREAT.
RAIN

K-SPLUTCH



I HATE
RAIN.

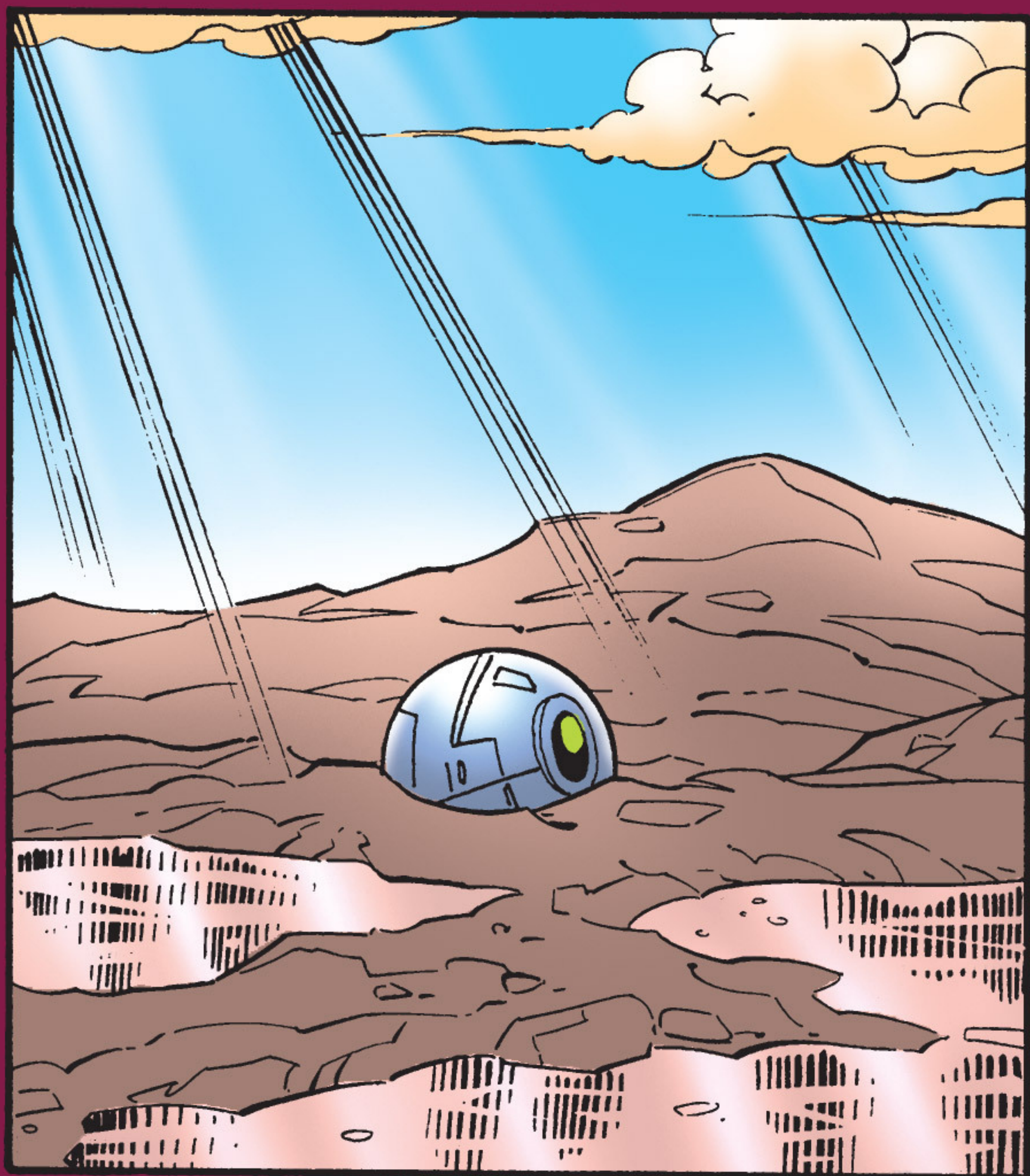
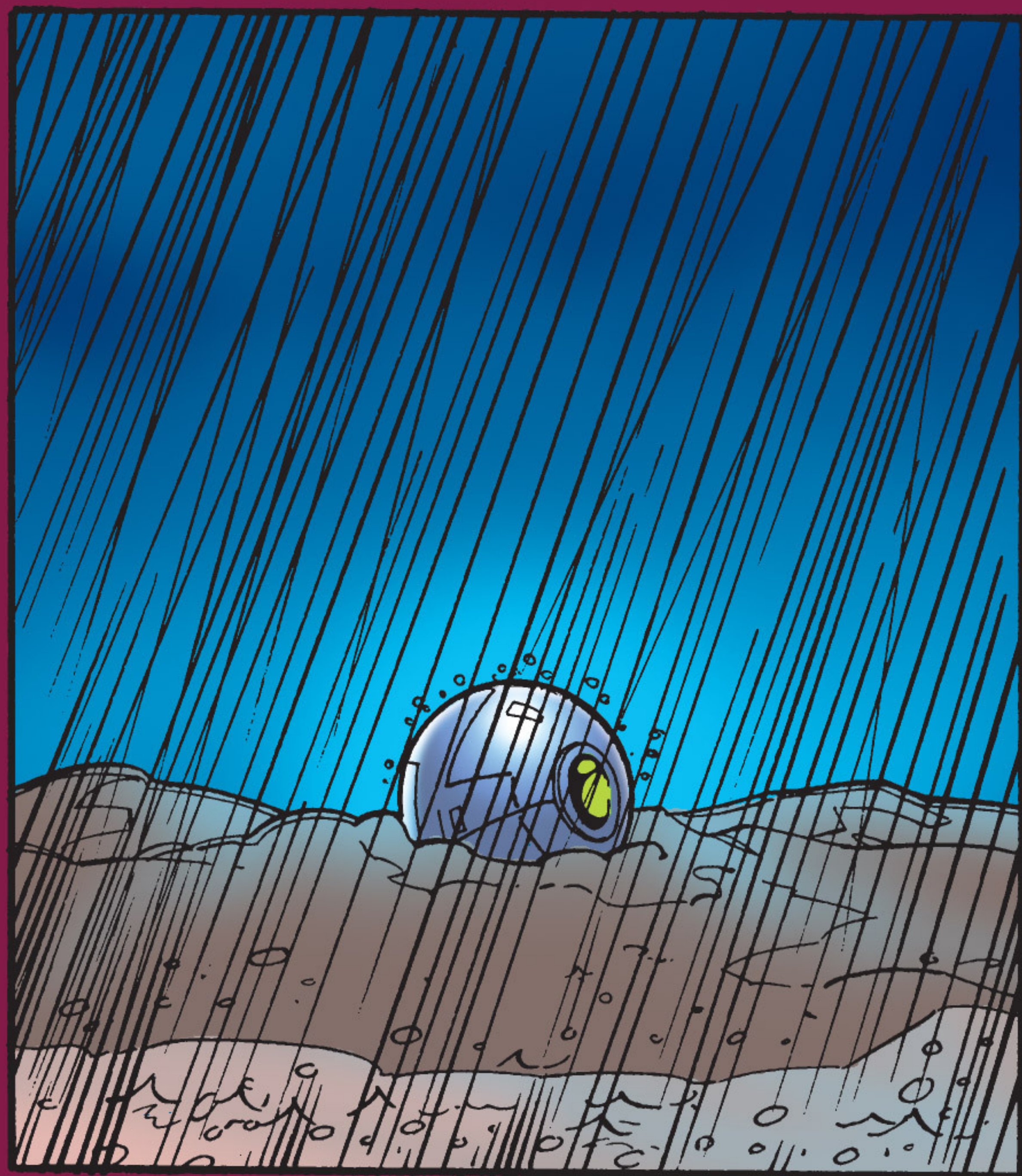
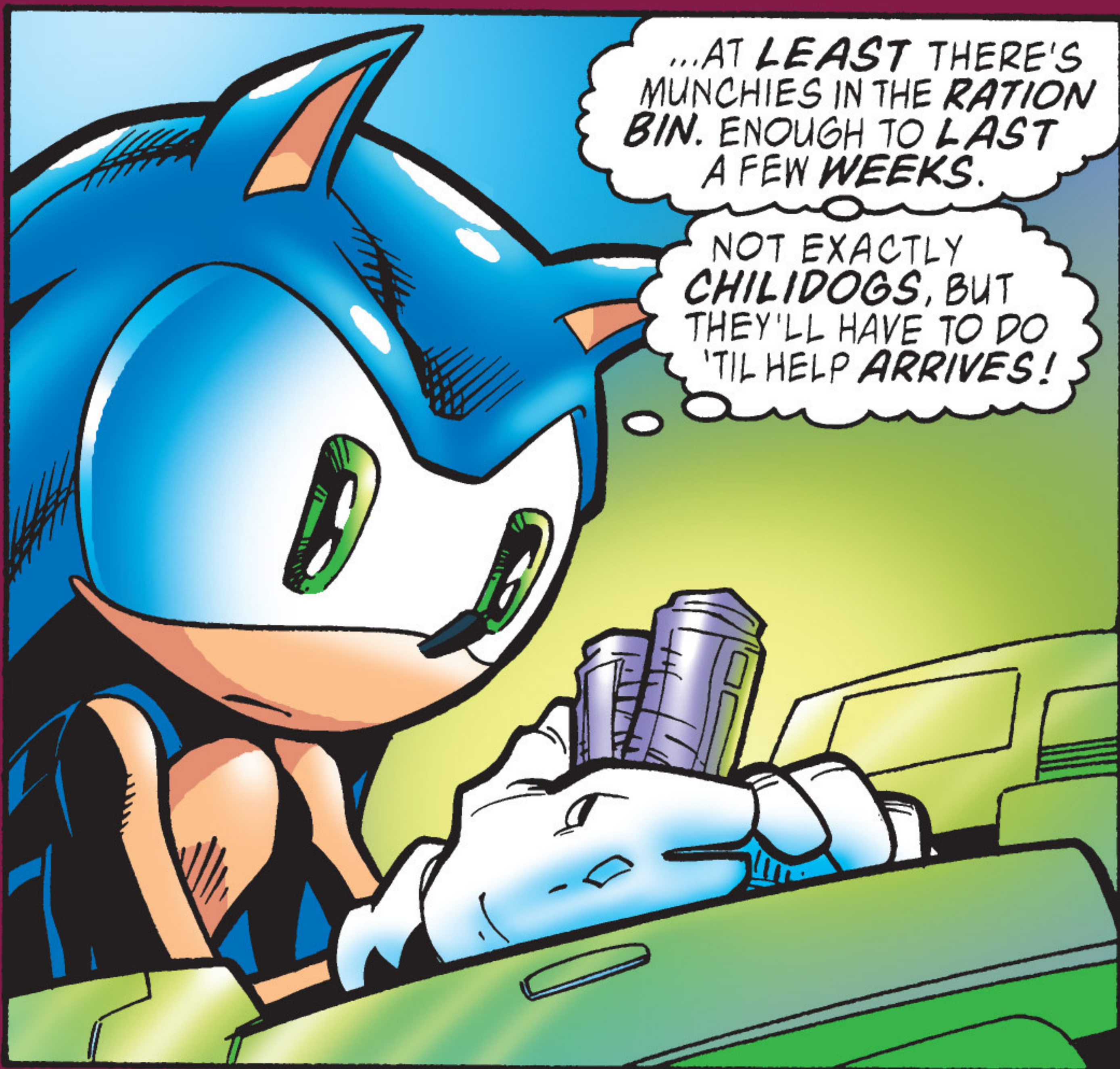
WARNING: DO NOT EXIT. EXTERIOR
ATMOSPHERE HIGHLY TOXIC.
INITIATING DISTRESS SIGNAL...

I THOUGHT THIS
THING WAS TAKING ME
SOMEPLACE **BREATH-**
ABLE. WELL...



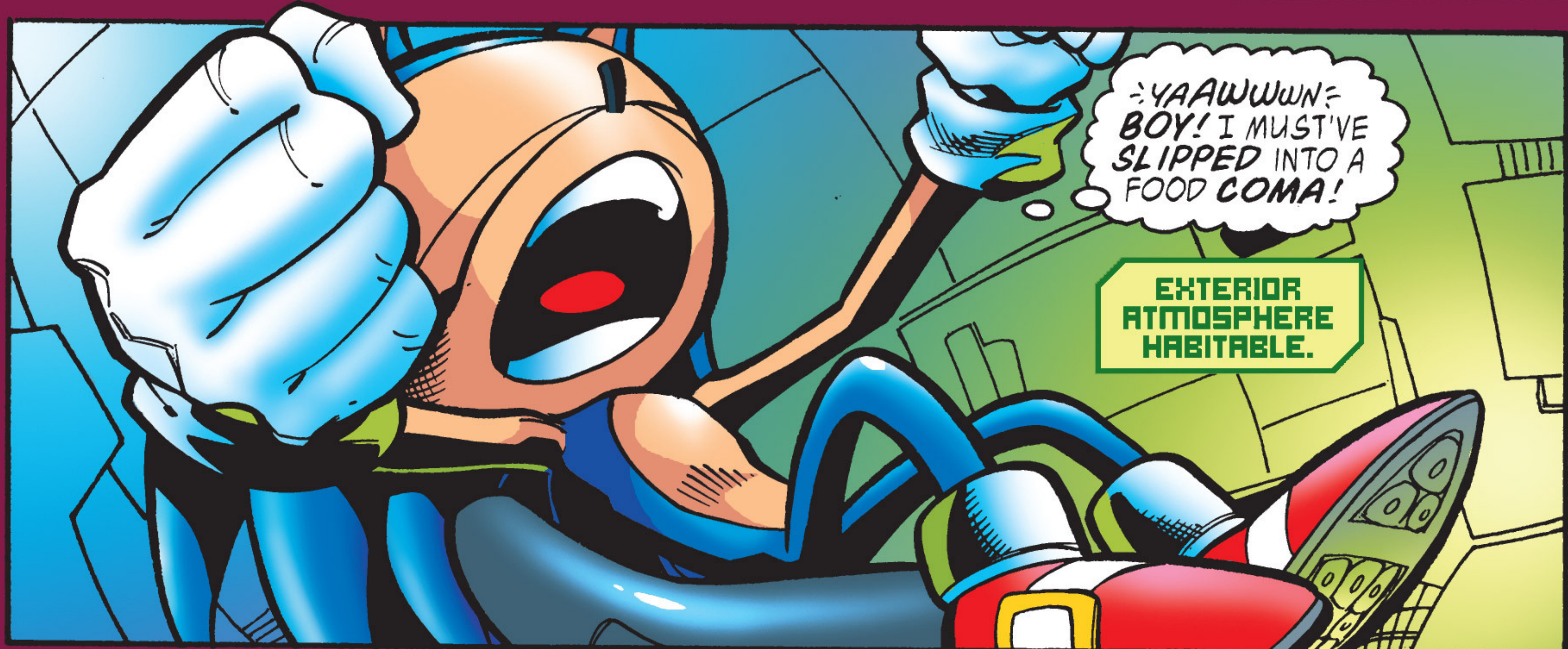
...AT LEAST THERE'S
MUNCHIES IN THE **RATION**
BIN. ENOUGH TO LAST
A FEW WEEKS.

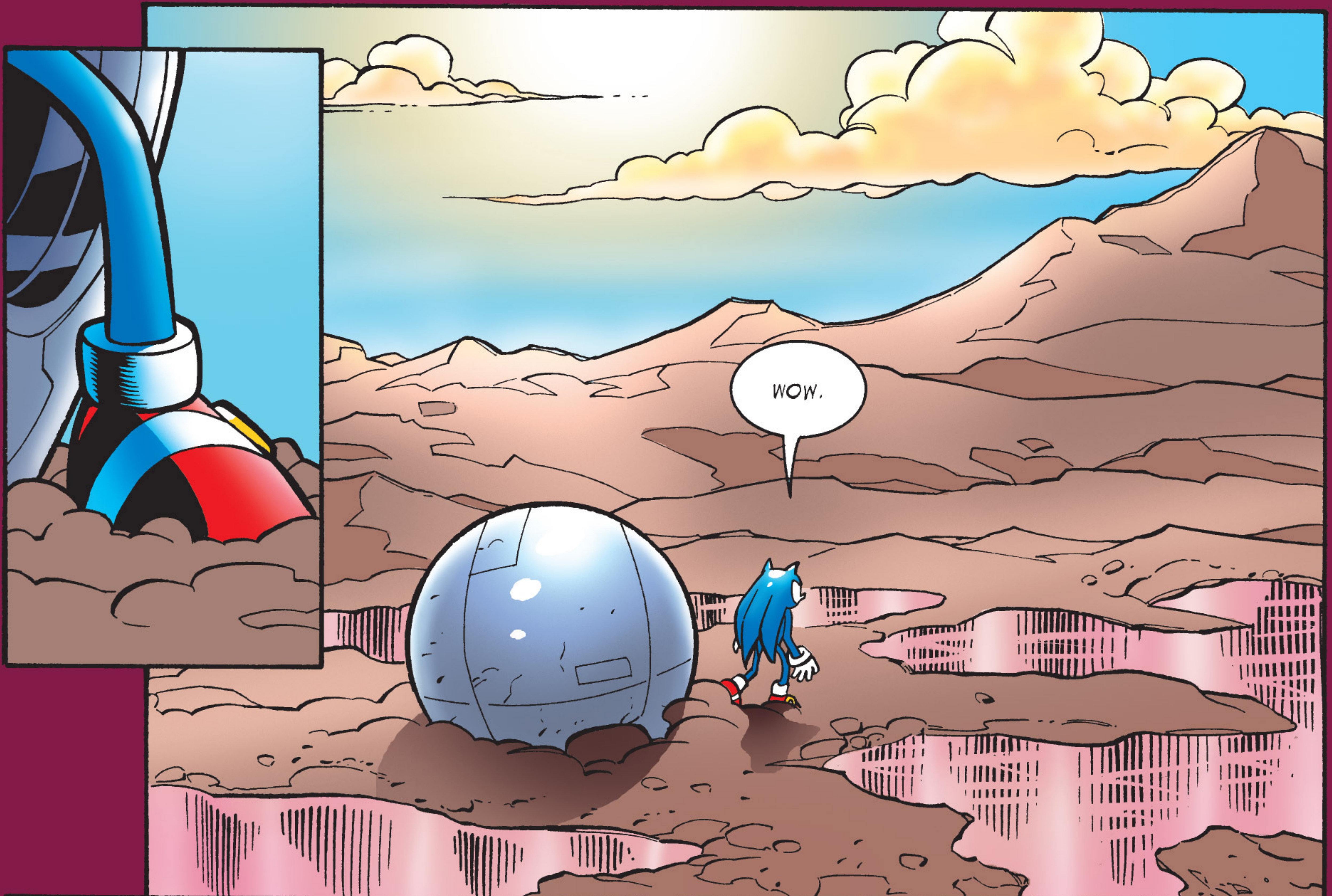
NOT EXACTLY
CHILIDOGS, BUT
THEY'LL HAVE TO DO
'TIL HELP ARRIVES!



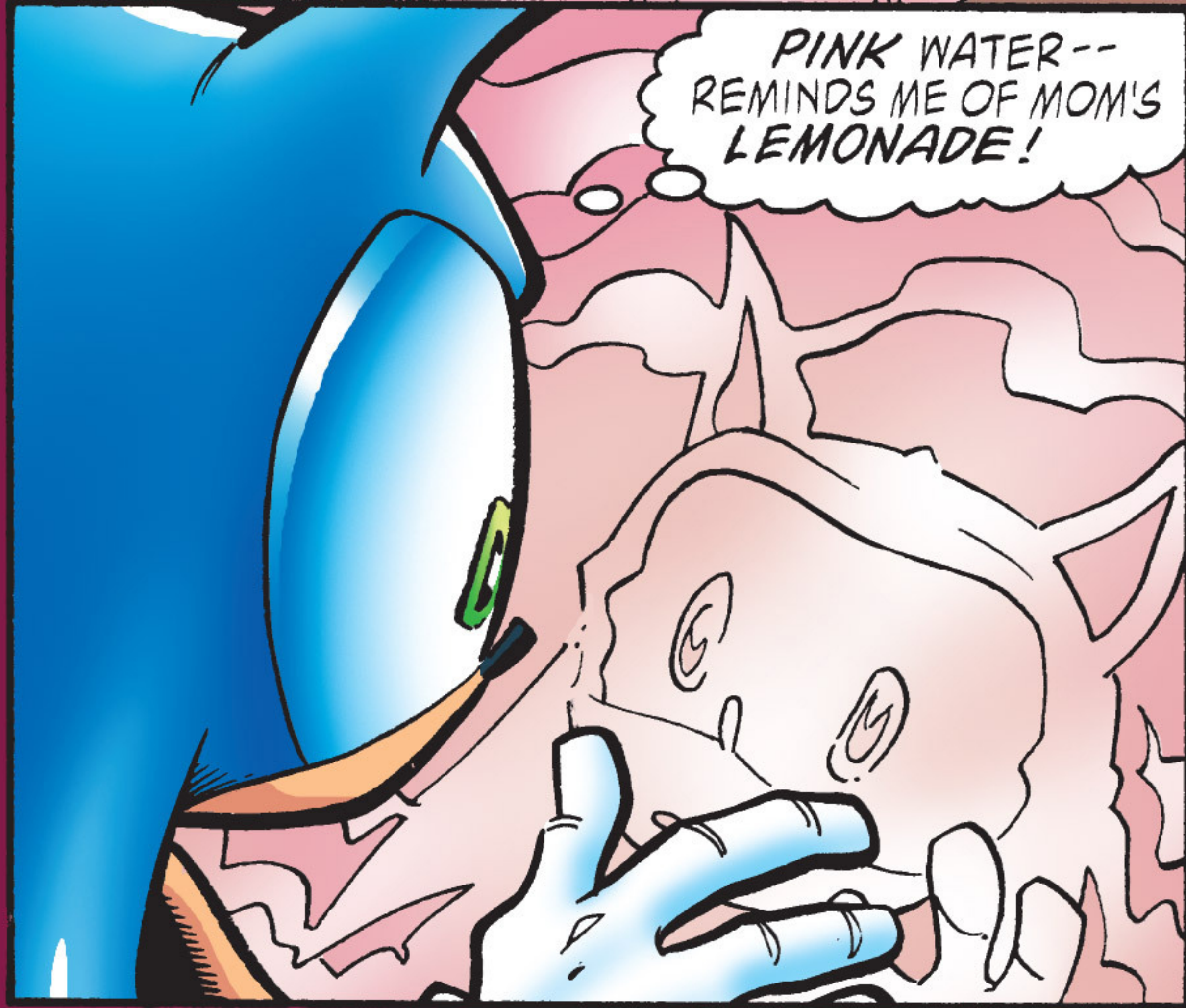
=YAAWWWN=
BOY! I MUST'VE
SLIPPED INTO A
FOOD COMA!

EXTERIOR
ATMOSPHERE
HABITABLE.

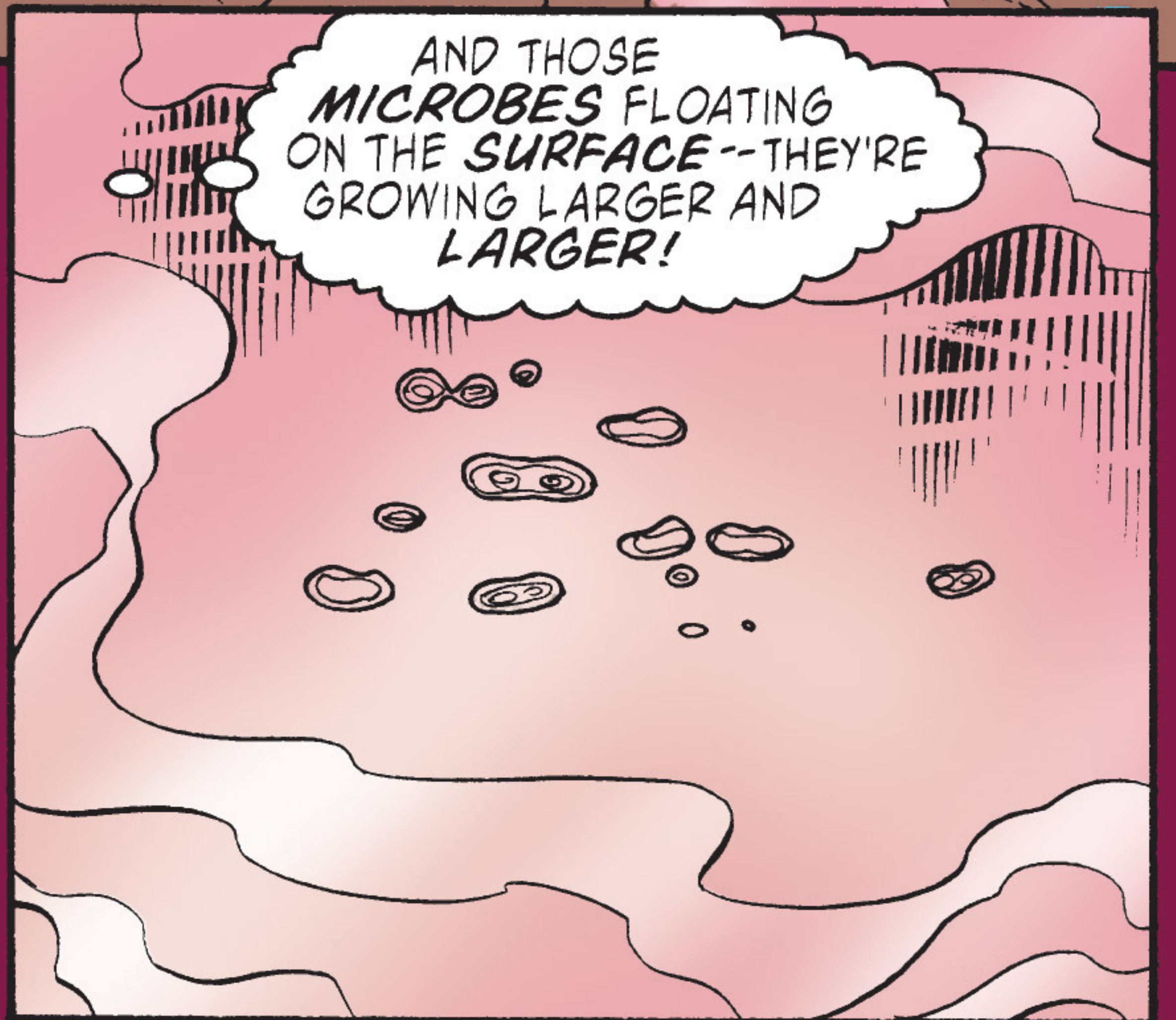




WOW.



PINK WATER--
REMINDS ME OF MOM'S
LEMONADE!

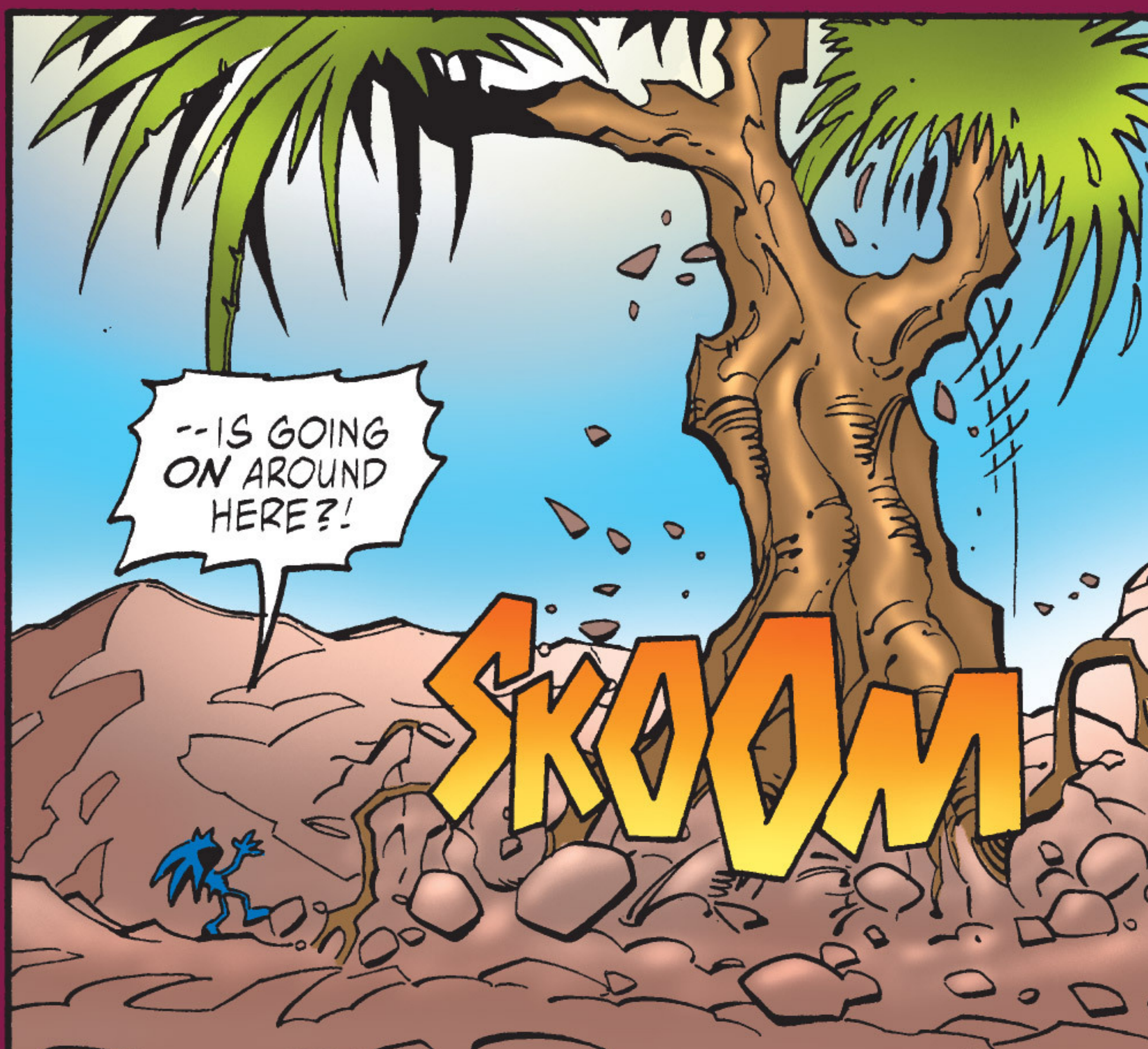


AND THOSE
MICROBES FLOATING
ON THE SURFACE--THEY'RE
GROWING LARGER AND
LARGER!



WHAT THE
HECK--

PLIPT



--IS GOING
ON AROUND
HERE?!

SKOOM



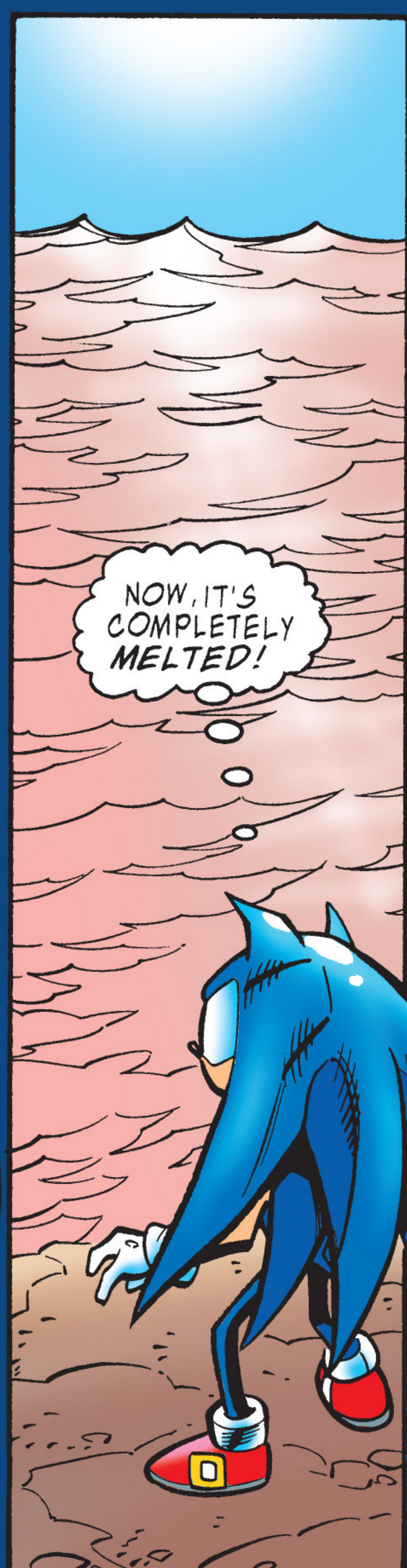
THAT PLANT JUST GREW INTO A TREE RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES, AND NOW ITS LEAVES ARE FALLING OFF GOING FROM AUTUMN...



...TO WINTER, IN ONLY A MATTER OF SECONDS!



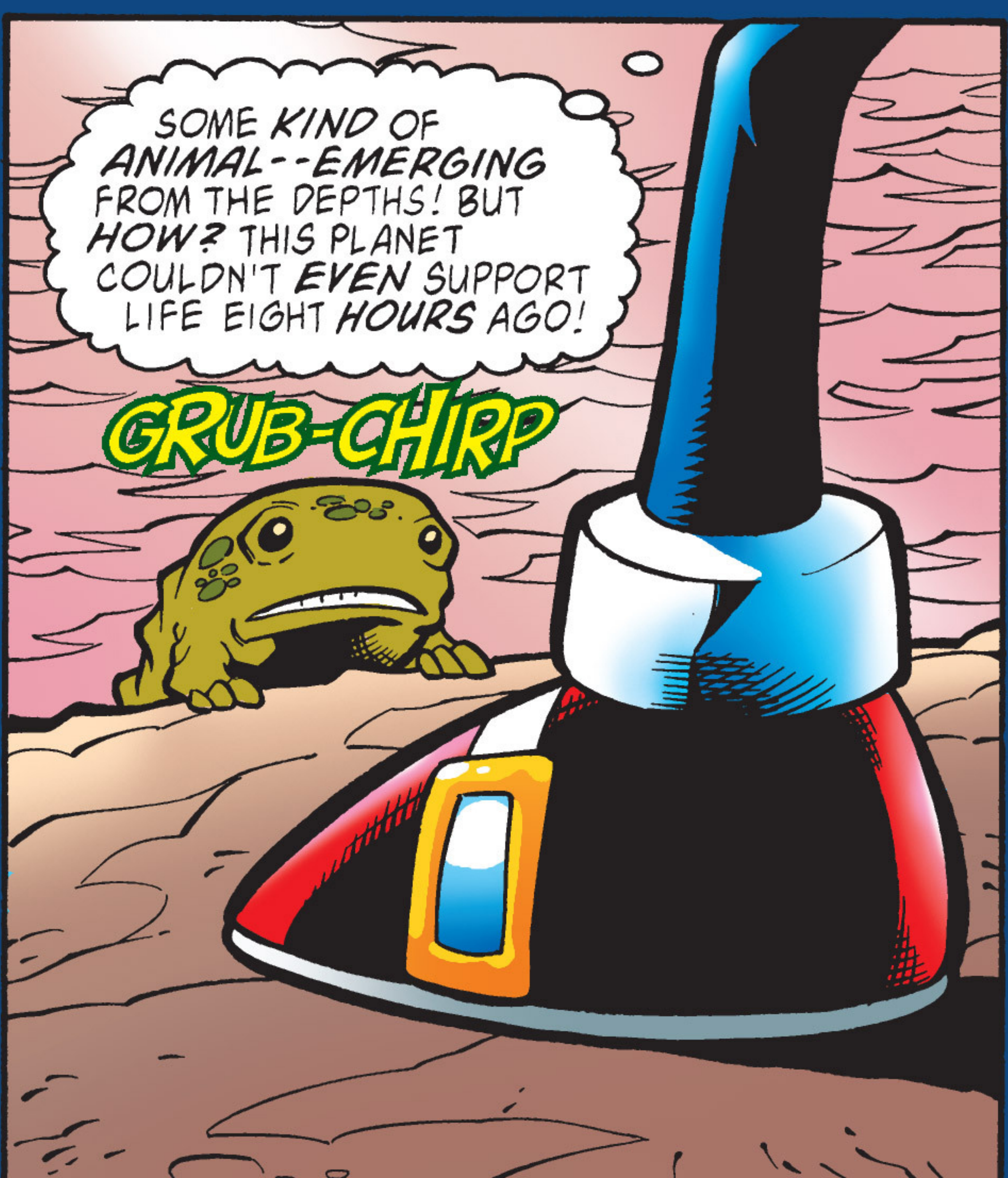
THE LEMONADE SEA -- ITS TOTALLY FROZEN OVER



NOW, IT'S COMPLETELY MELTED!

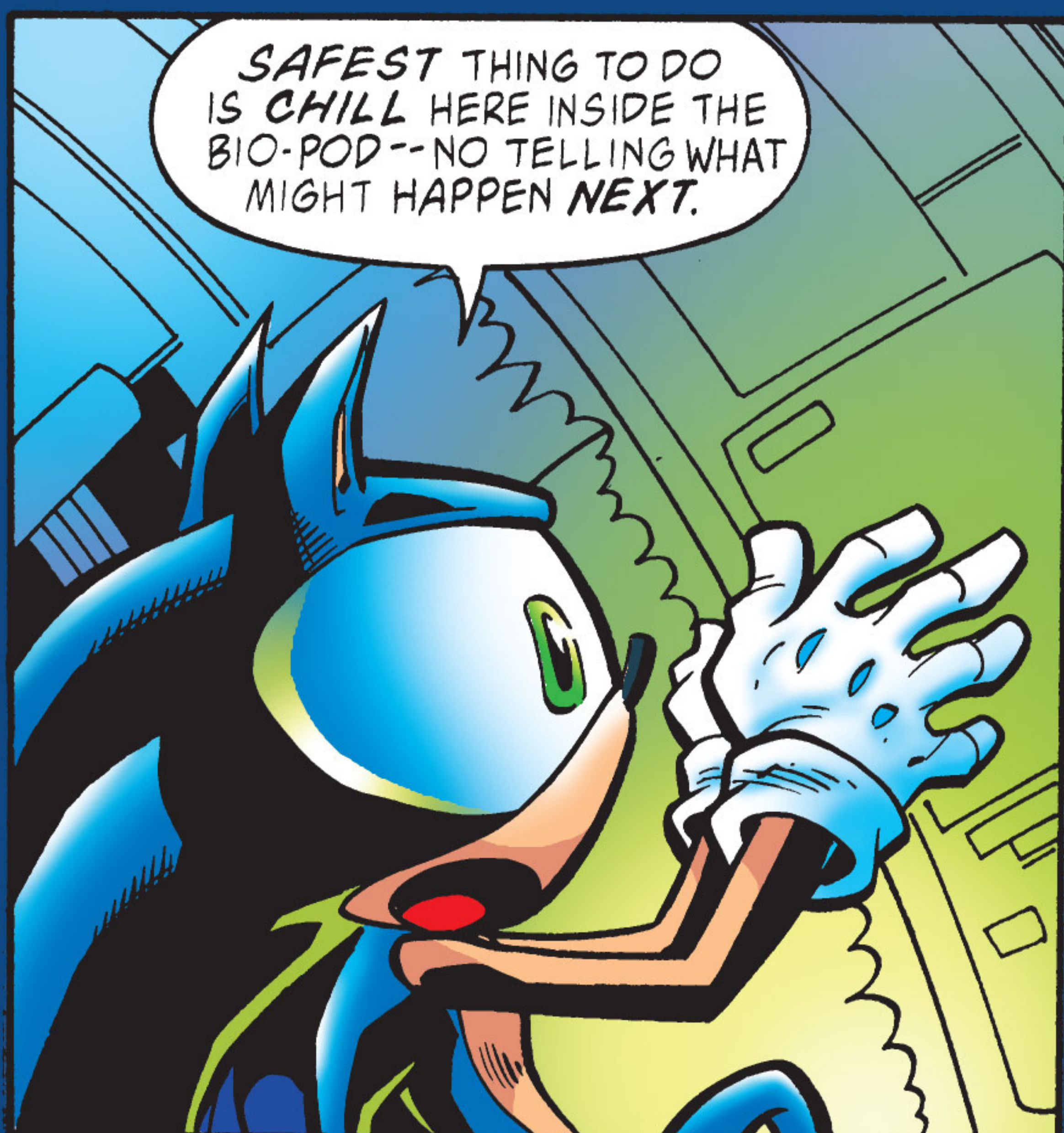
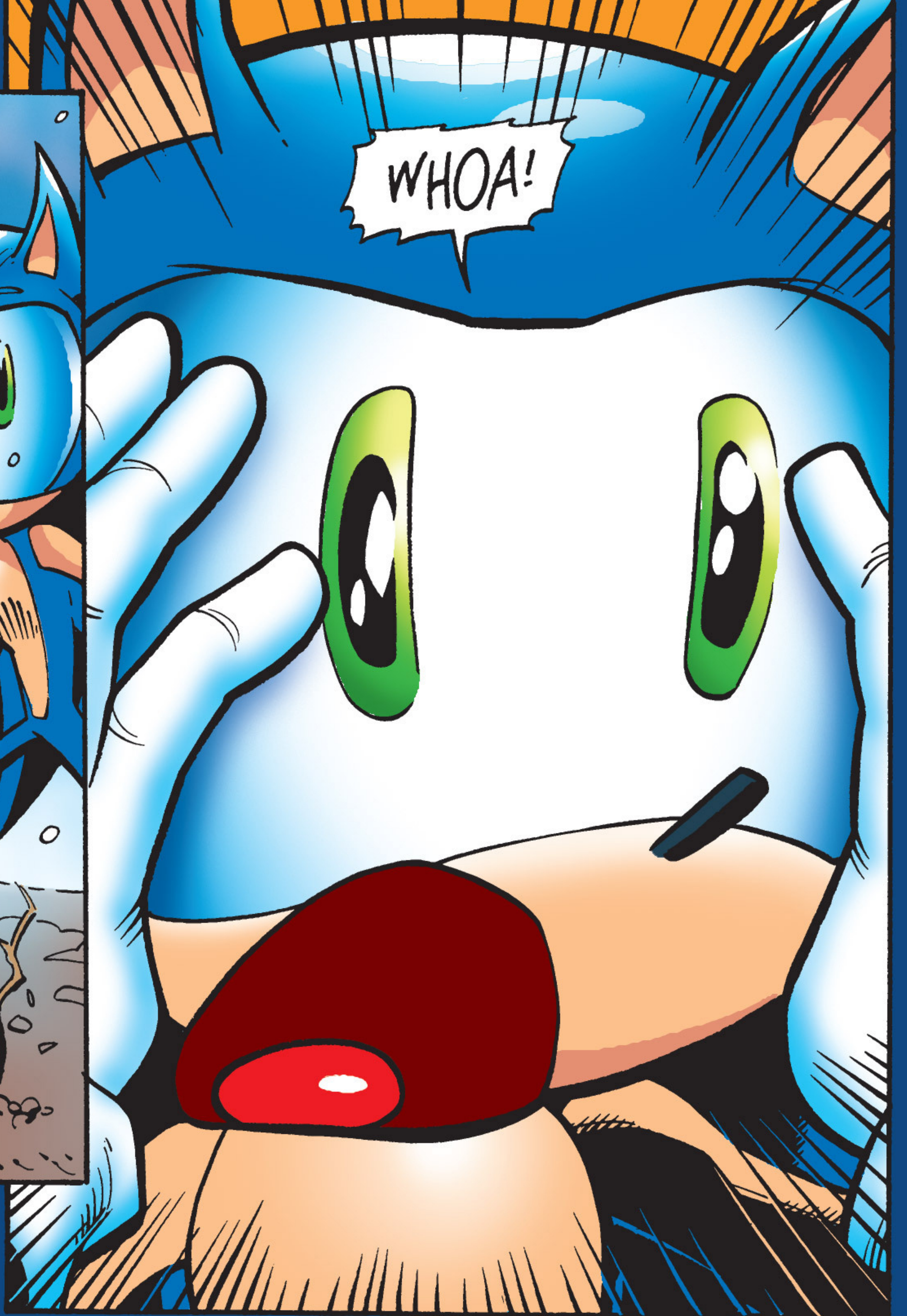
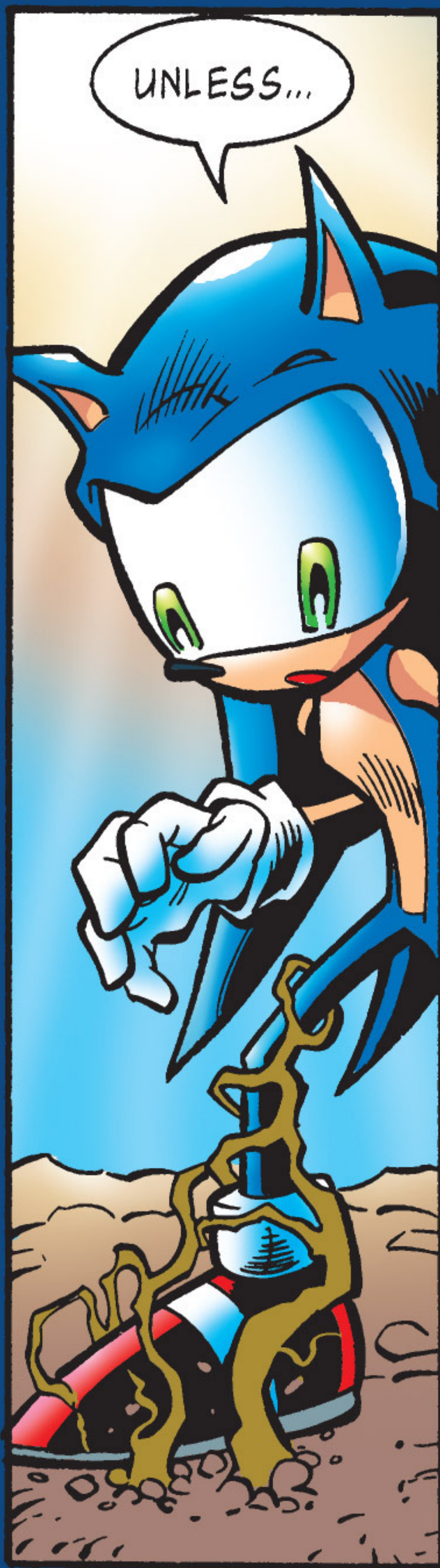


GRUB-CHIRP
GRUB-CHIRP



SOME KIND OF ANIMAL -- EMERGING FROM THE DEPTHS! BUT HOW? THIS PLANET COULDN'T EVEN SUPPORT LIFE EIGHT HOURS AGO!

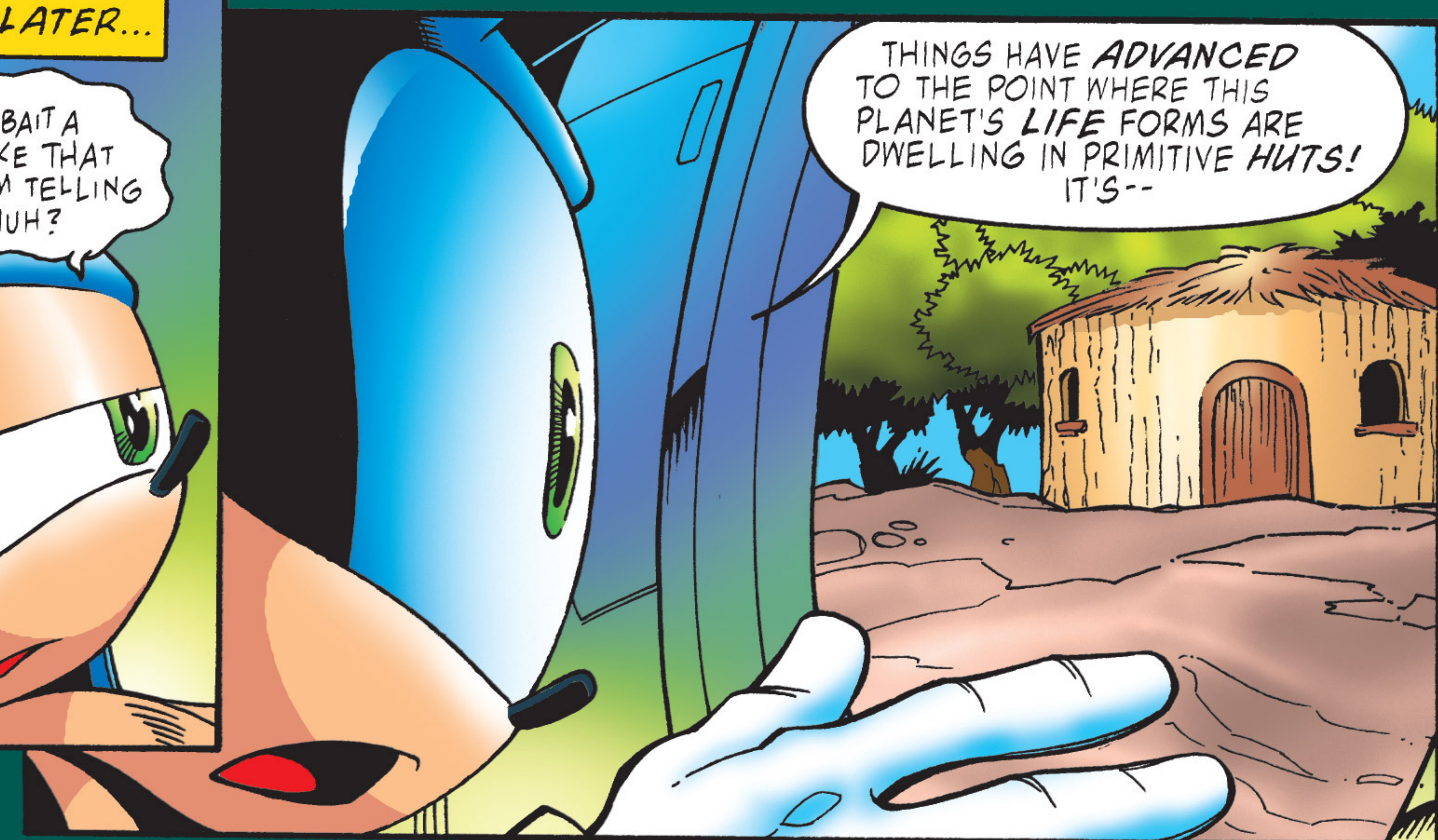
GRUB-CHIRP



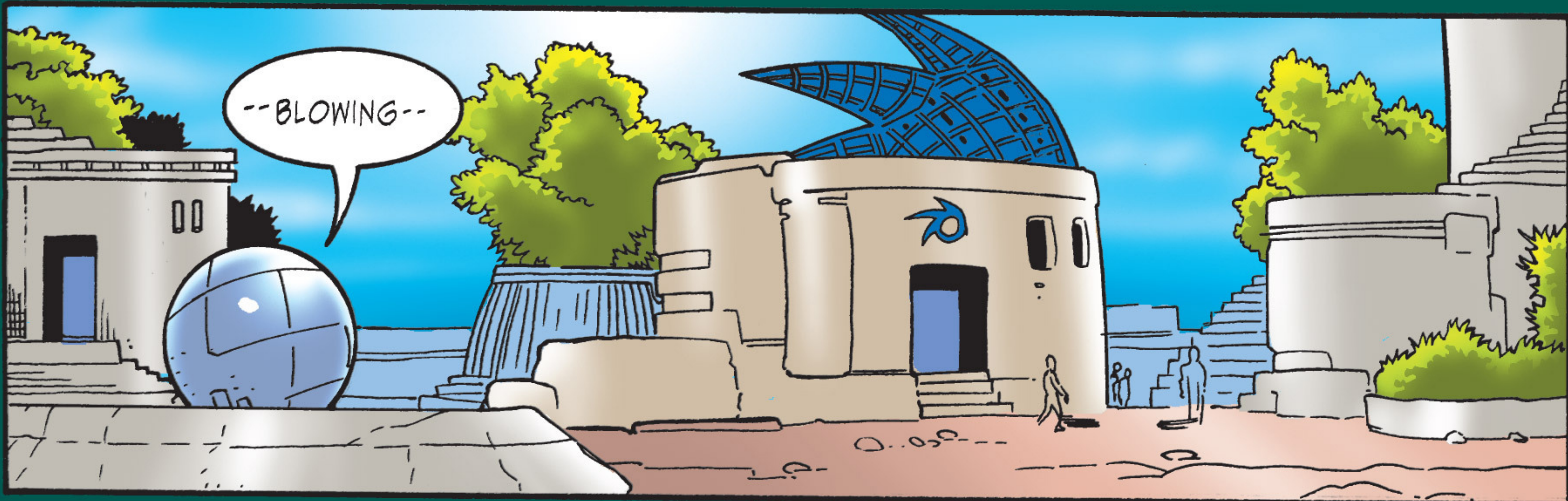
AN HOUR LATER...

...CAN'T BAIT A HOOK LIKE THAT TAILS. I'M TELLING Y-HUH? WHUH?

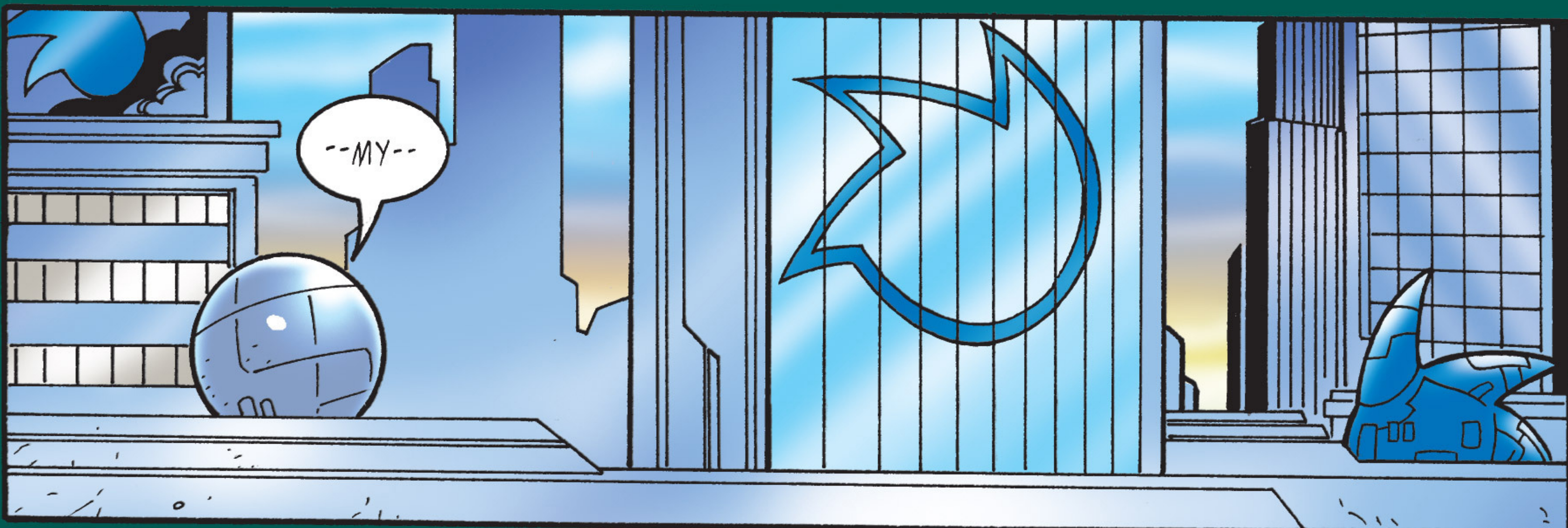
THINGS HAVE *ADVANCED* TO THE POINT WHERE THIS PLANET'S *LIFE FORMS* ARE DWELLING IN *PRIMITIVE HUTS!* IT'S--



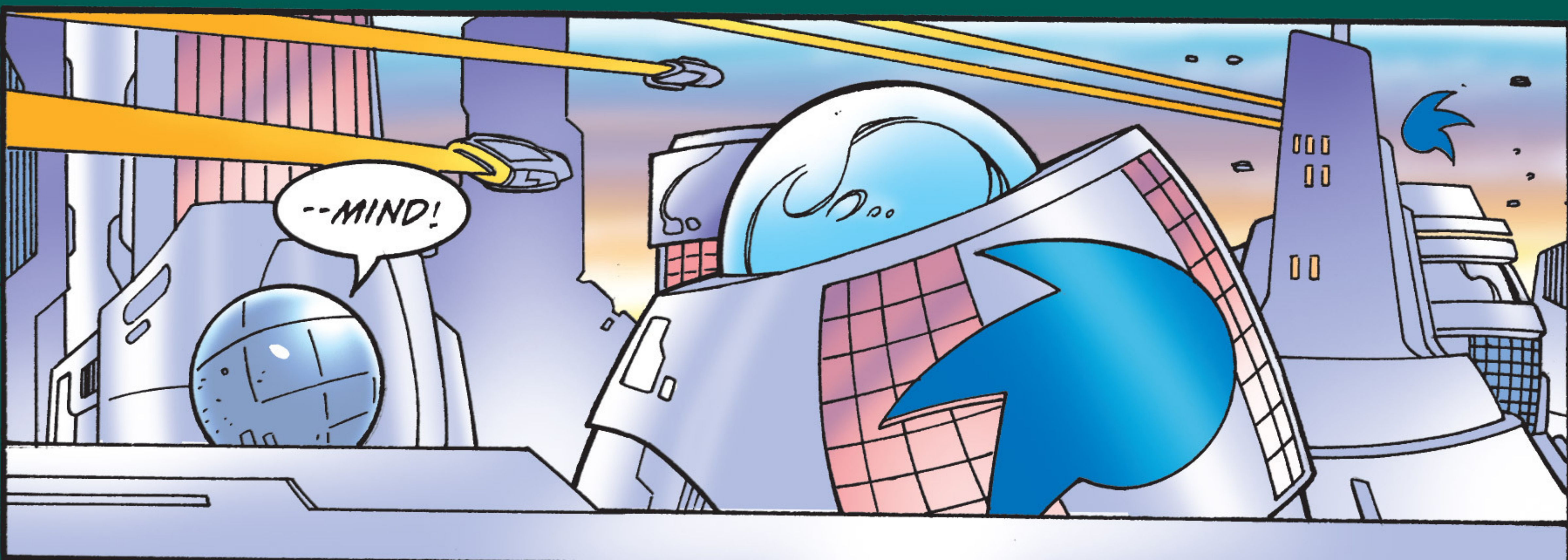
--BLOWING--

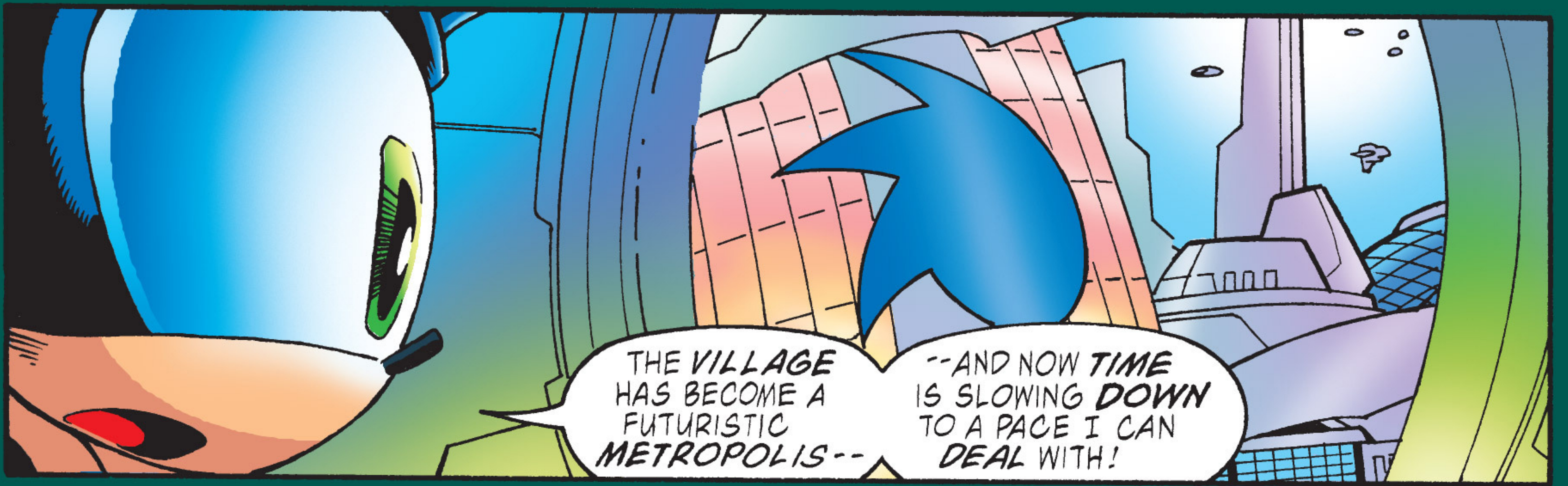


--MY--



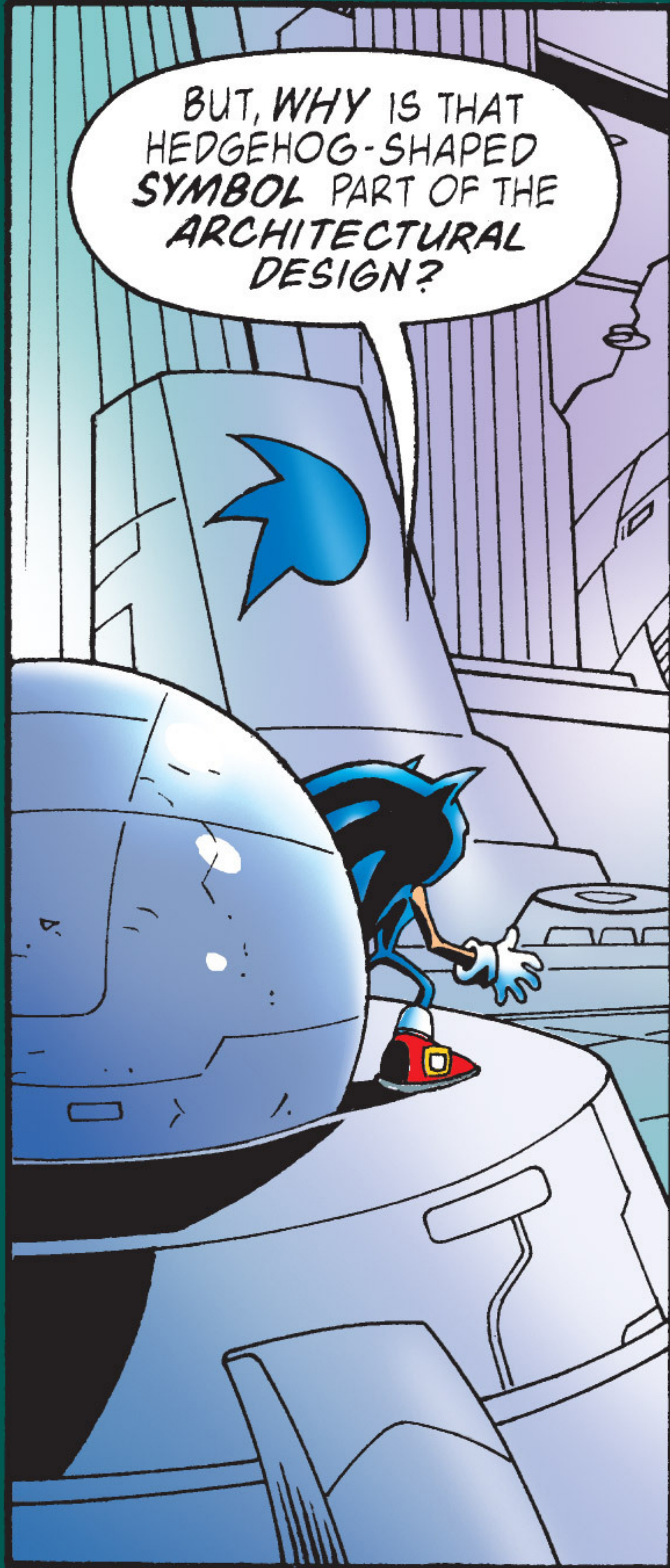
--MIND!



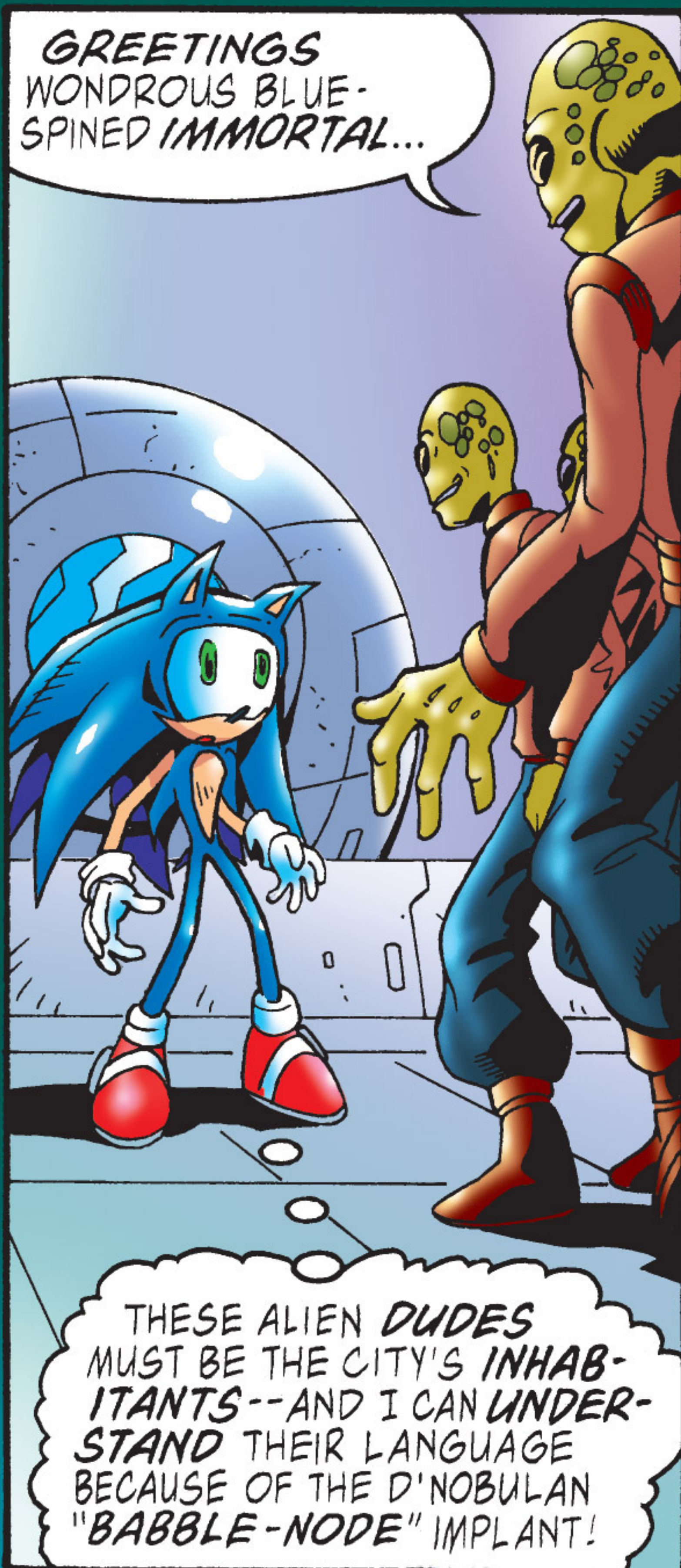


THE VILLAGE HAS BECOME A FUTURISTIC METROPOLIS--

--AND NOW TIME IS SLOWING DOWN TO A PACE I CAN DEAL WITH!



BUT, WHY IS THAT HEDGEHOG-SHAPED SYMBOL PART OF THE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN?



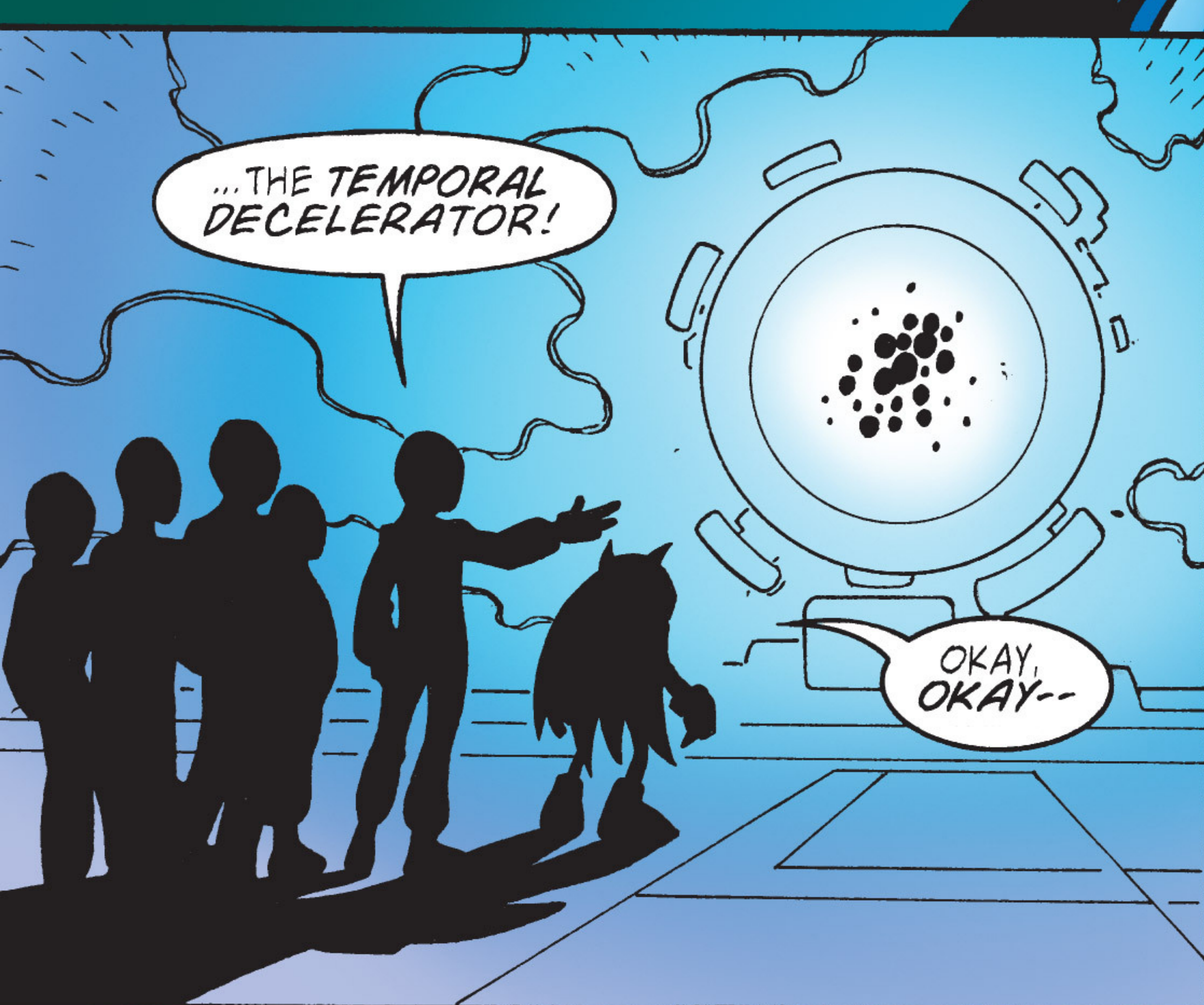
GREETINGS WONDROUS BLUE-SPINED IMMORTAL...

THESE ALIEN DUDES MUST BE THE CITY'S INHABITANTS--AND I CAN UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE BECAUSE OF THE D'NOBULAN "BABBLE-NODE" IMPLANT!



...WE ARE THE AZURITES, THIS PLANET'S DOMINANT SPECIES! I AM PROFESSOR PARG, AND THESE ARE MY SCIENTIFIC COLLEAGUES...

...WHO ALONG WITH MYSELF, HAVE CREATED A DEVICE TO SLOW THE MOTION OF TIME ON THIS WORLD...

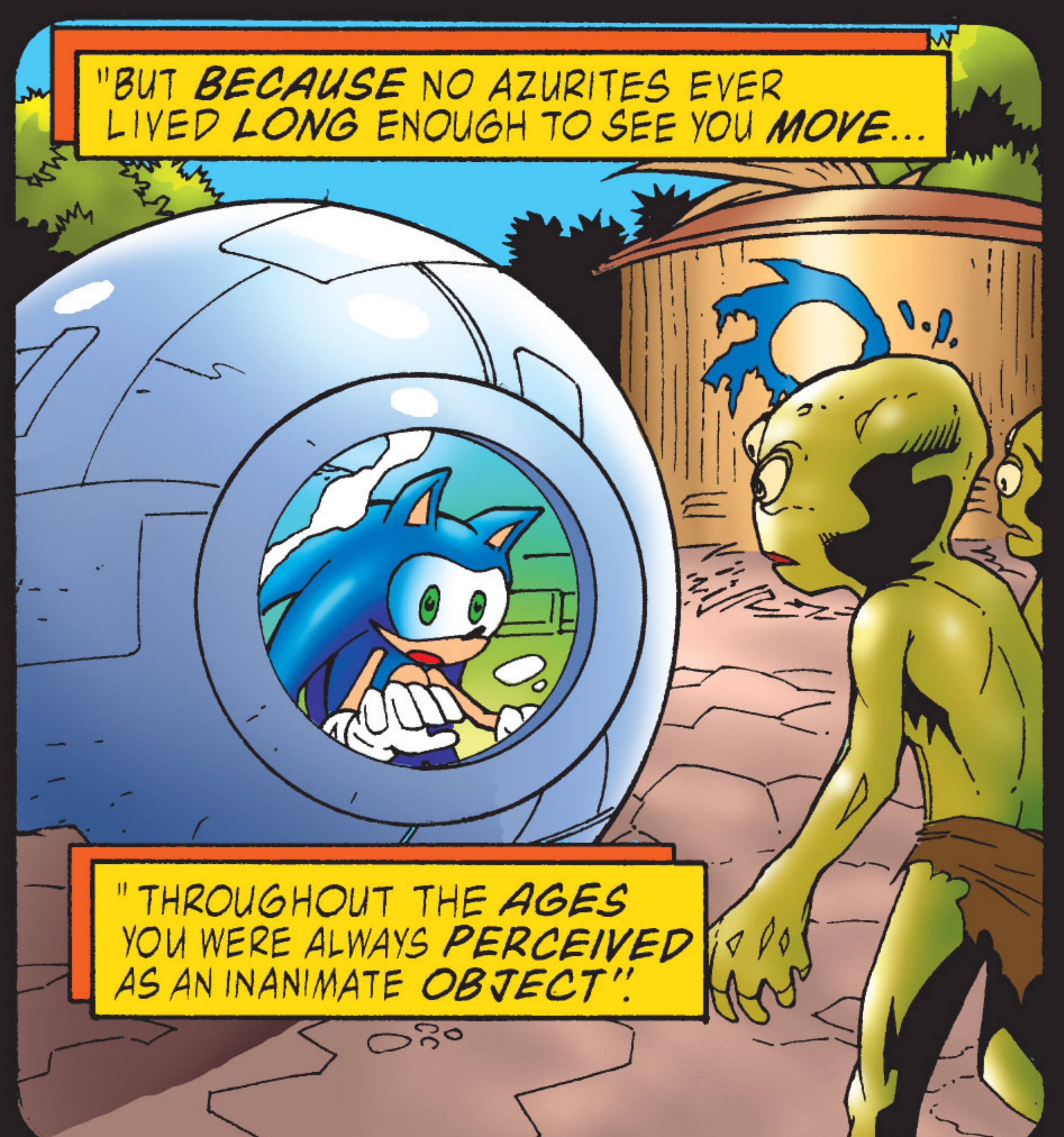
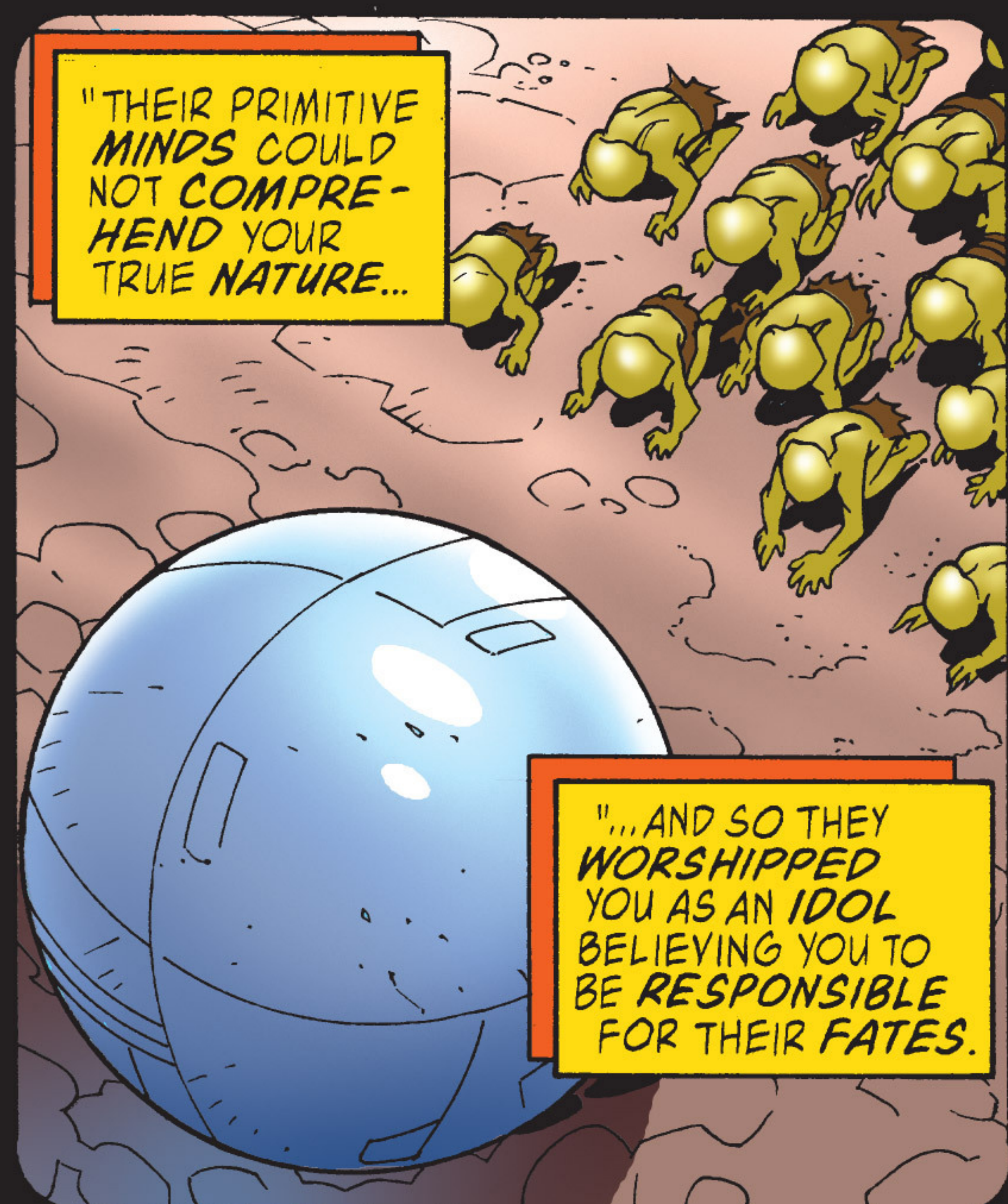
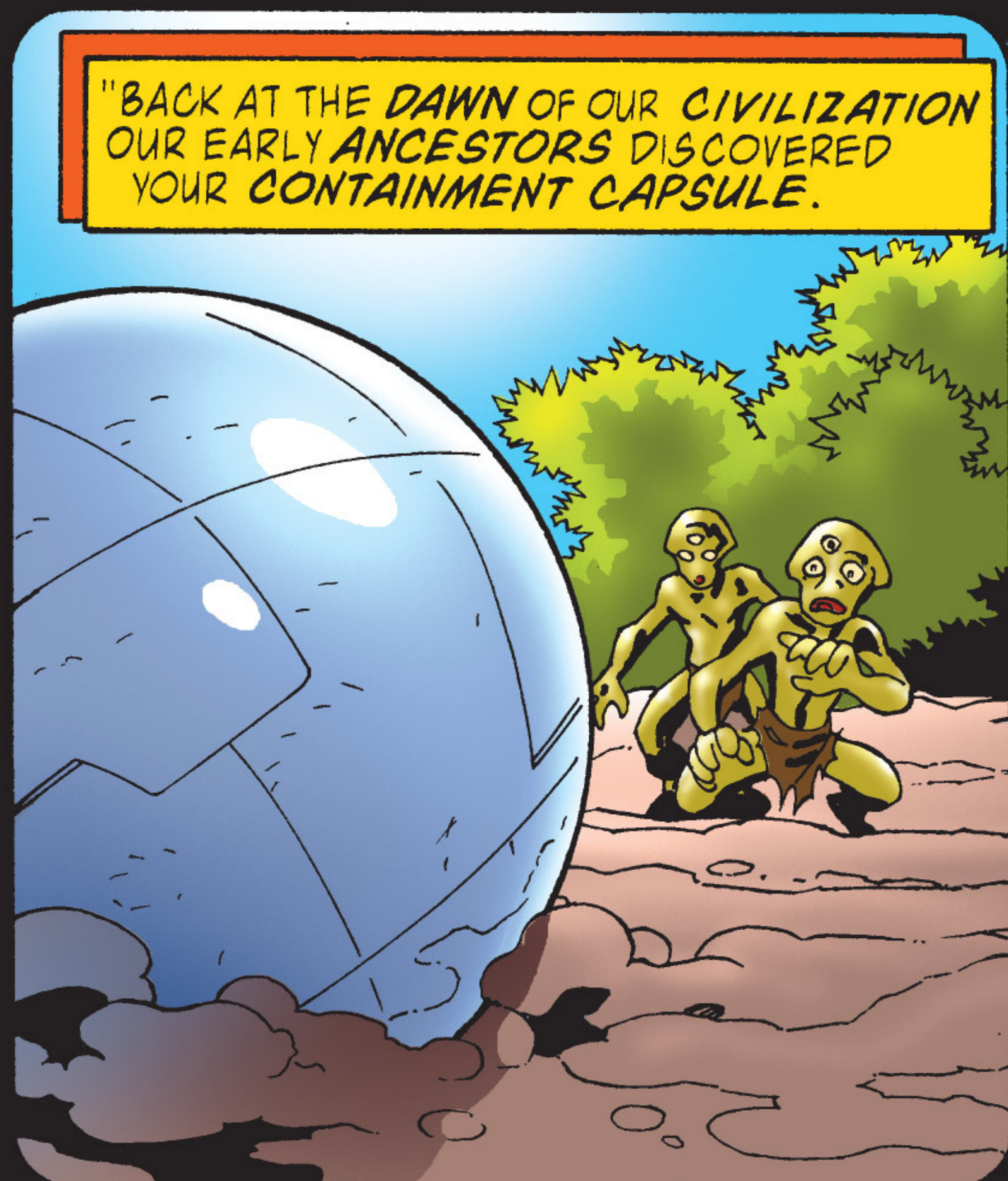
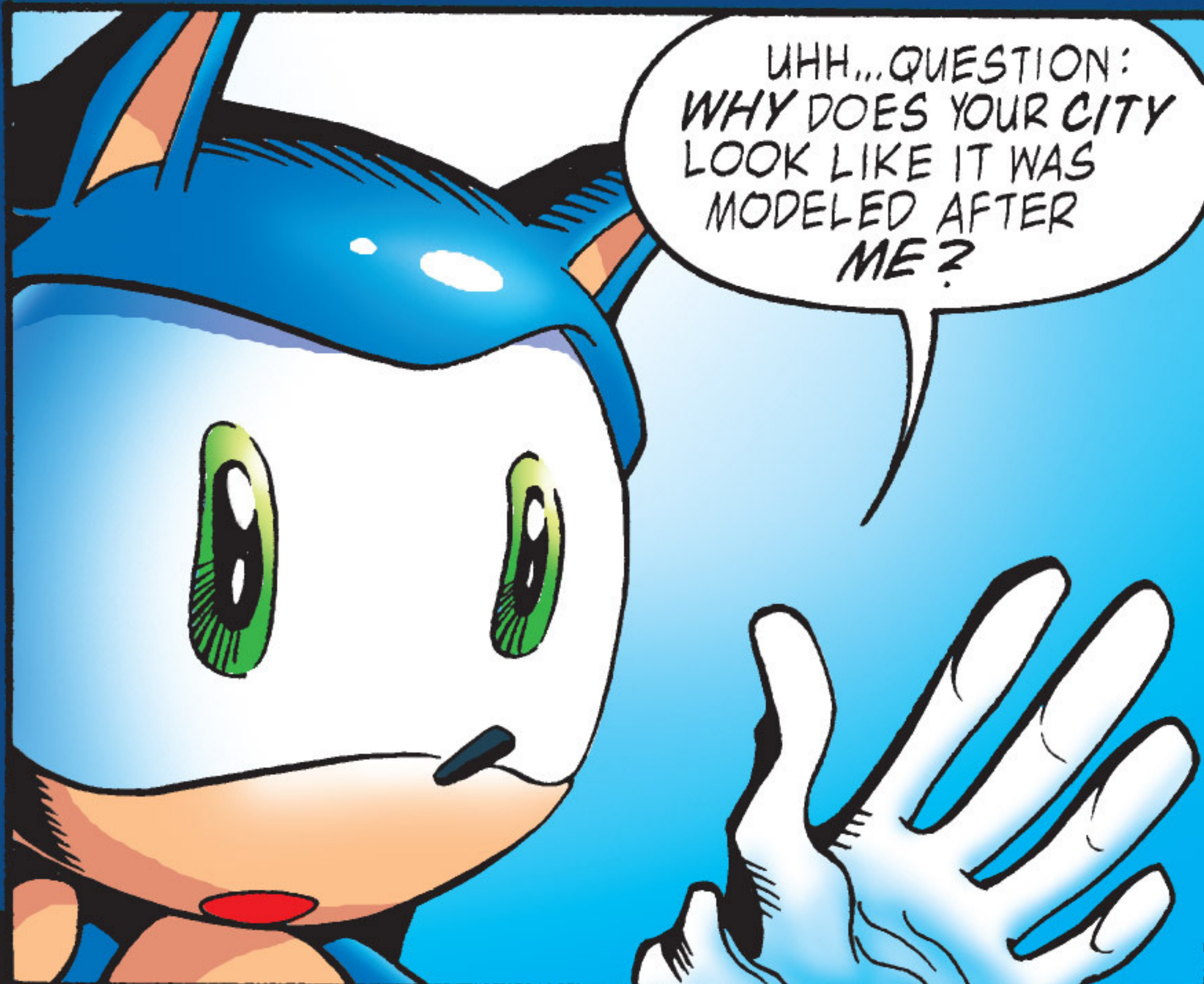


...THE TEMPORAL DECELERATOR!

OKAY, OKAY--



--TIME OUT! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I FEEL AS IF SOMEONE IS GOING TOO FAST FOR ME!

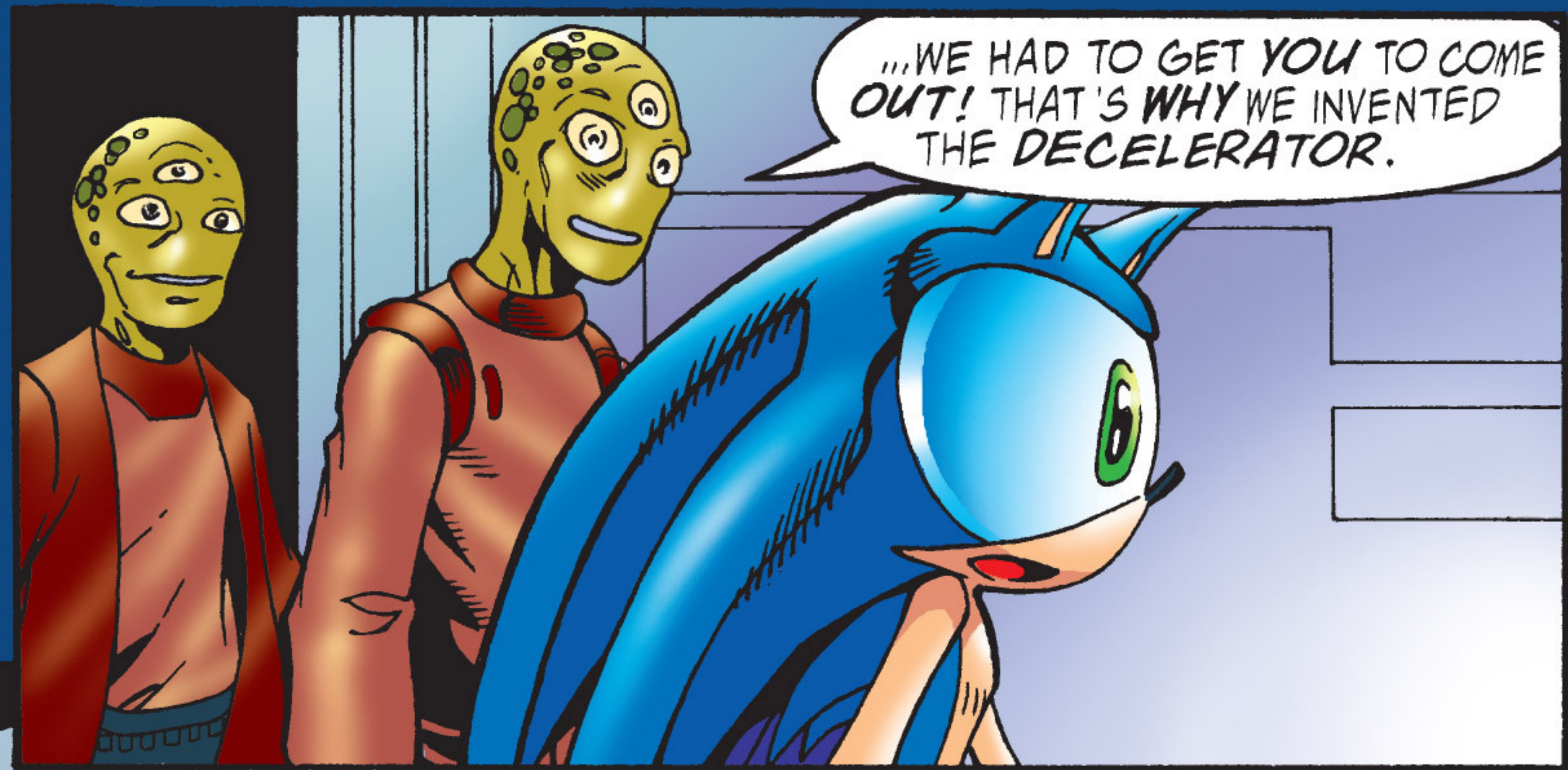


AS WE PROGRESSED INTO THE MODERN AGE, TECHNOLOGICAL SCANS OF YOUR CONTAINMENT CAPSULE REVEALED THAT YOU WERE A LIVING GOD.



MANY OF OUR RACE WERE OPPOSED TO THE BELIEF, AND GREAT WARS WERE WAGED TO ADHERE TO THE OLD WAY OF THINKING.

THE FACTS EVENTUALLY PREVAILED BUT WE COULD FIND NO MEANS OF OPENING YOUR CAPSULE. THAT'S WHEN WE REALIZED...

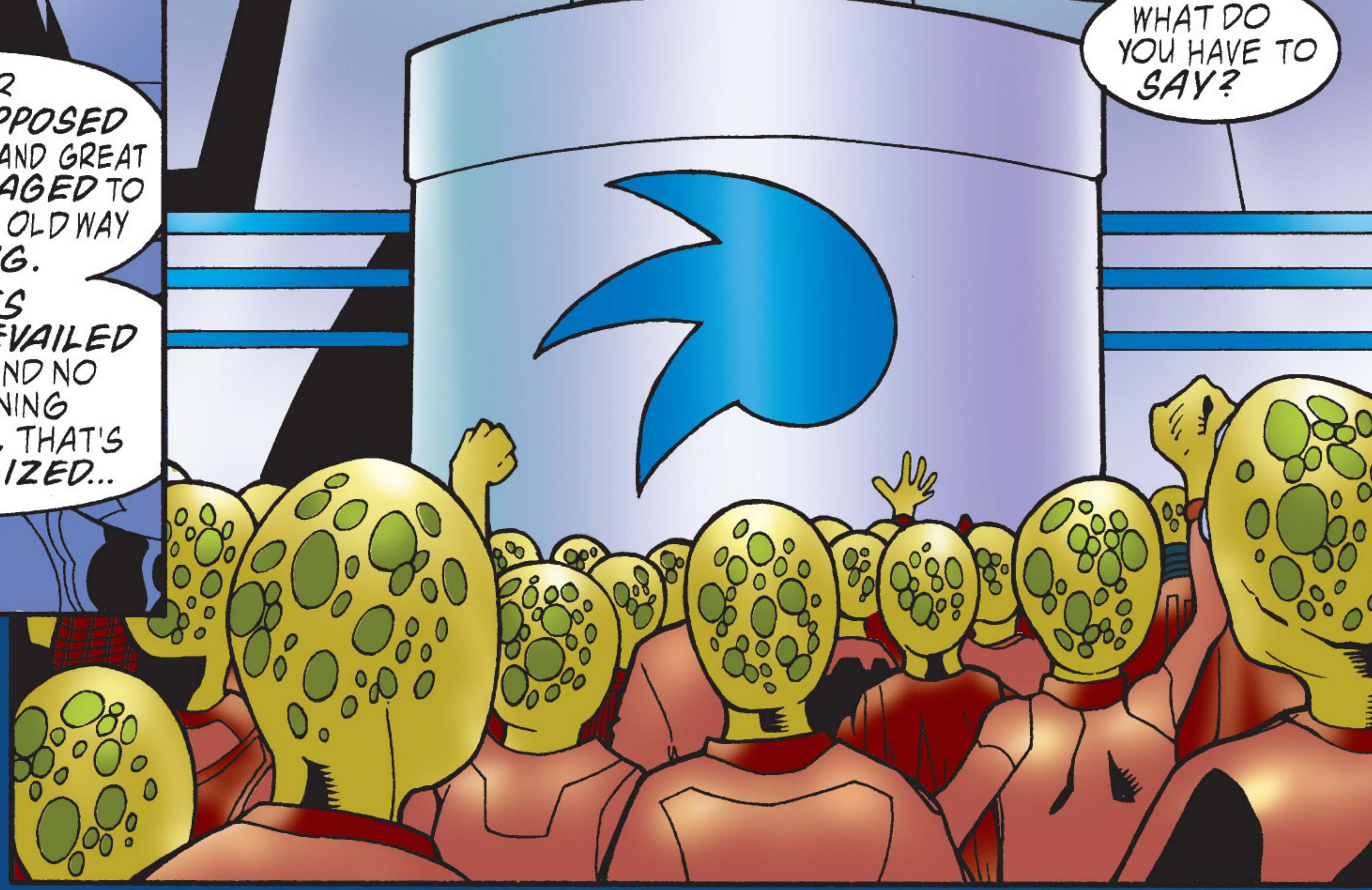


...WE HAD TO GET YOU TO COME OUT! THAT'S WHY WE INVENTED THE DECELERATOR.



AND NOW YOU HAVE EMERGED TO MEET YOUR CREATIONS.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY?

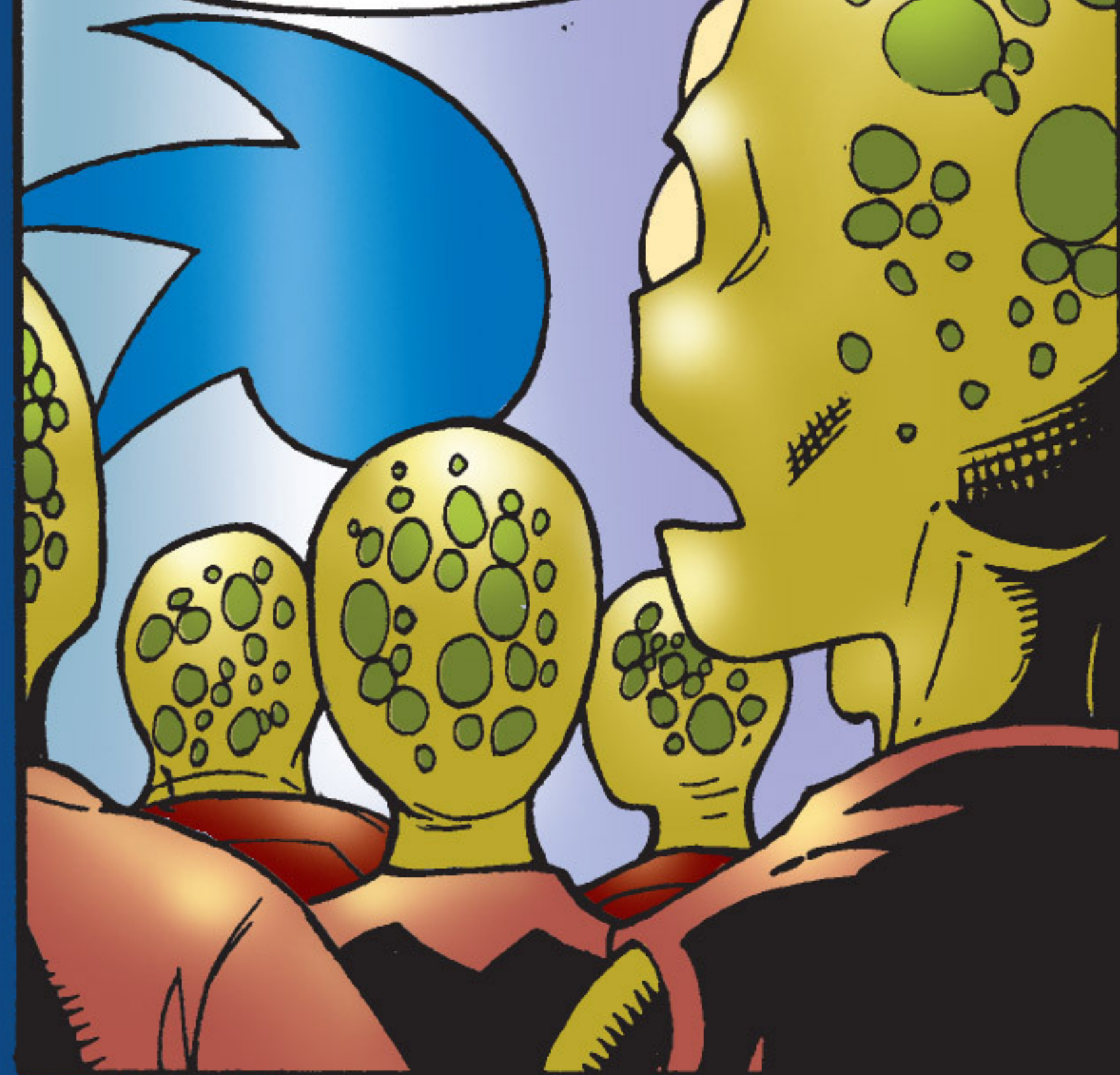


WELL, UHH... FIRST THING IS... I'M NOT A GOD, AND I DIDN'T CREATE YOU, EITHER. I GOT SPACE-WRECKED HERE A LONG, LONG TIME AGO... AND BECAUSE OF THE DIFFERENCES IN OUR EVOLUTIONARY RATE, YOU DUDES MISTOOK ME FOR SOMETHING THAT I'M NOT.



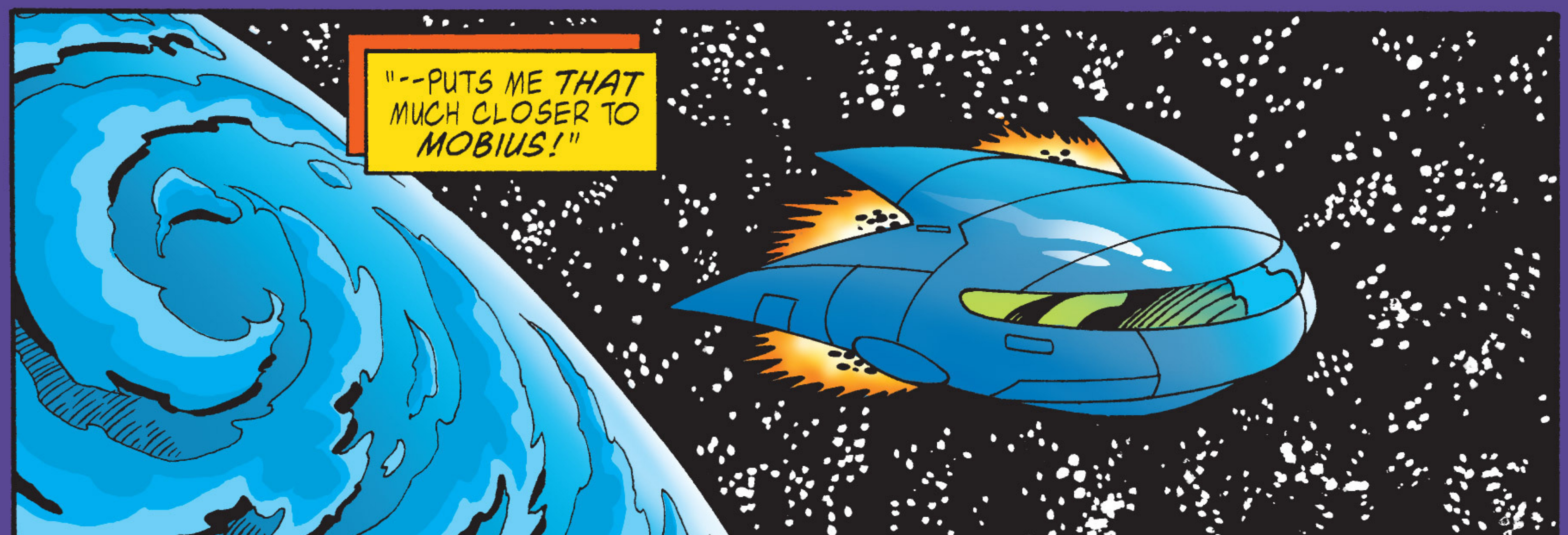
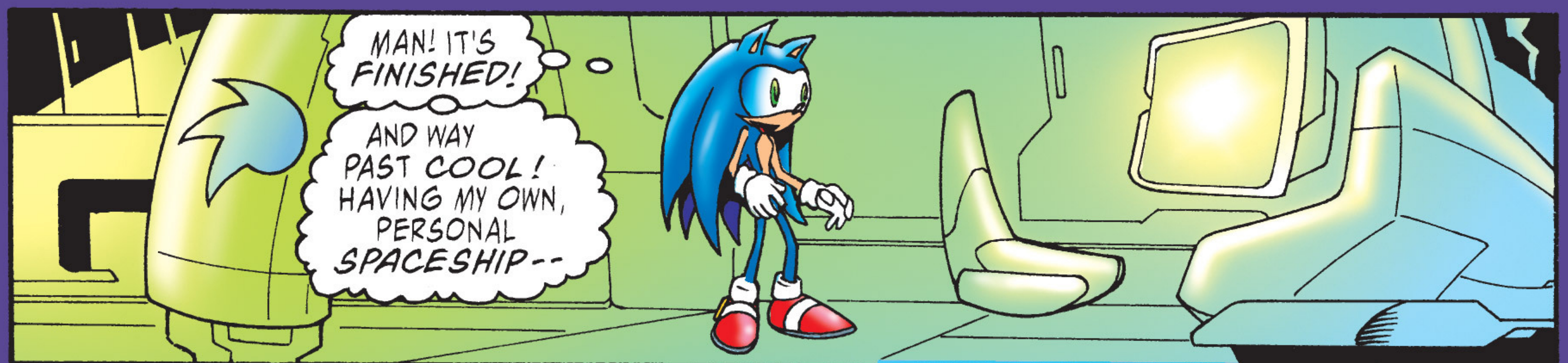
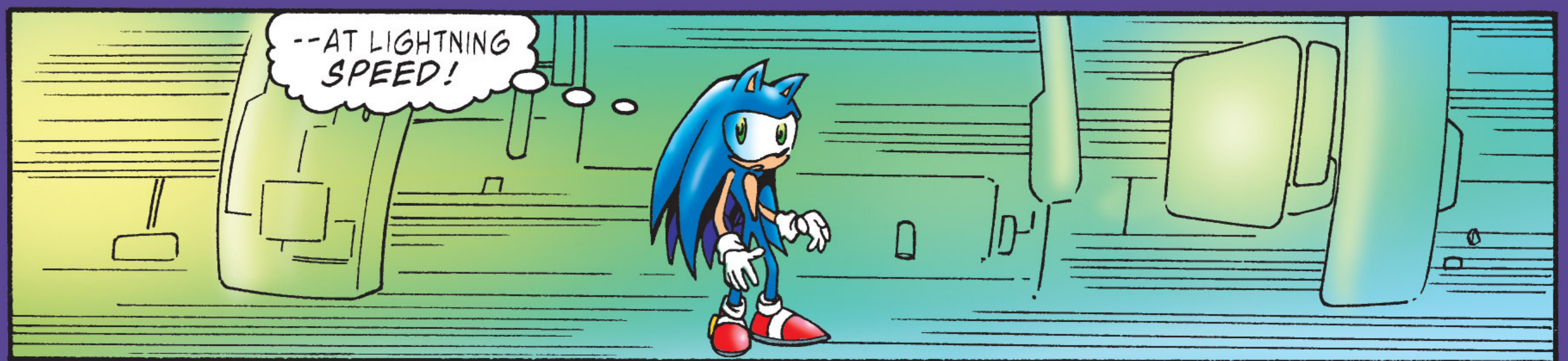
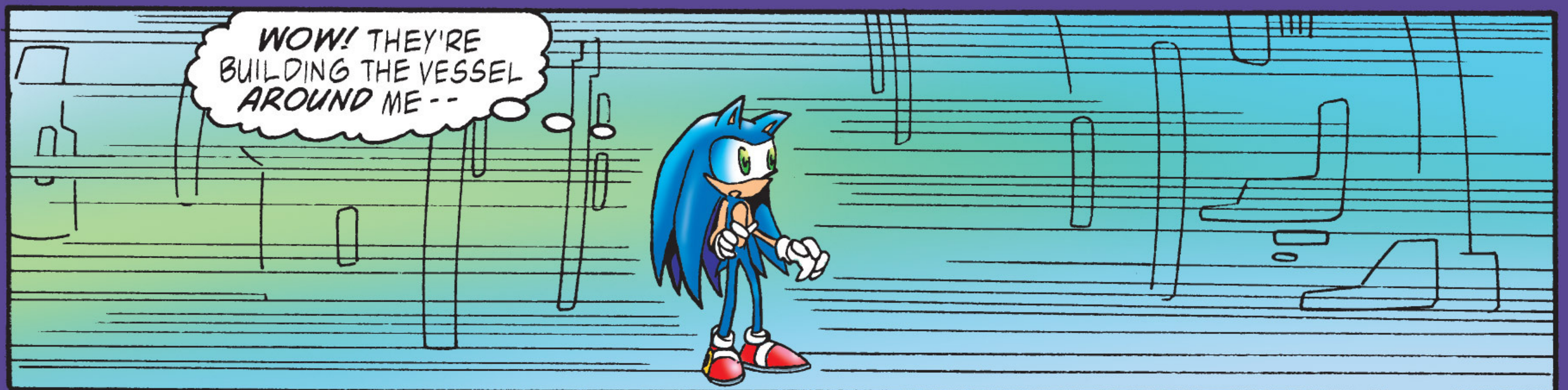
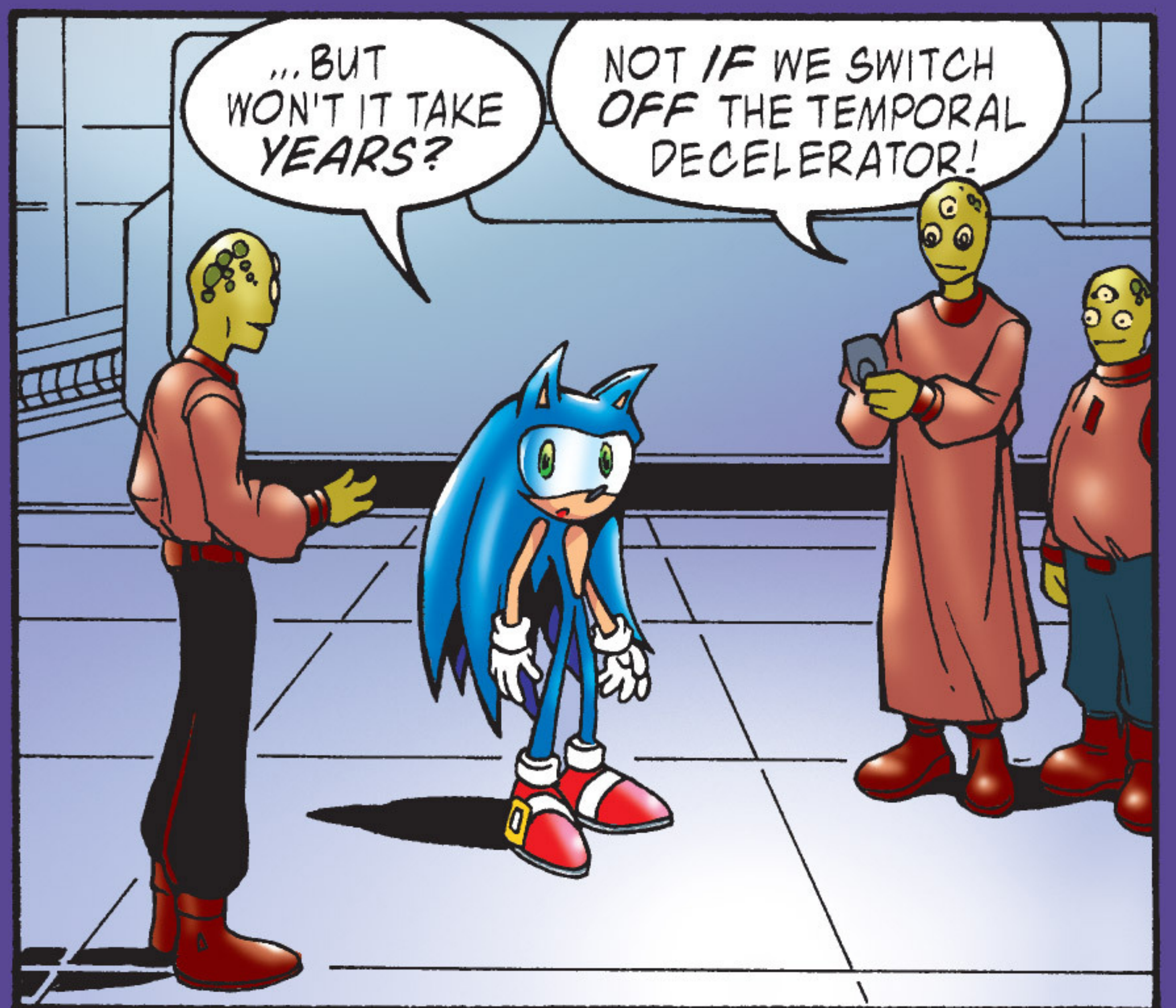
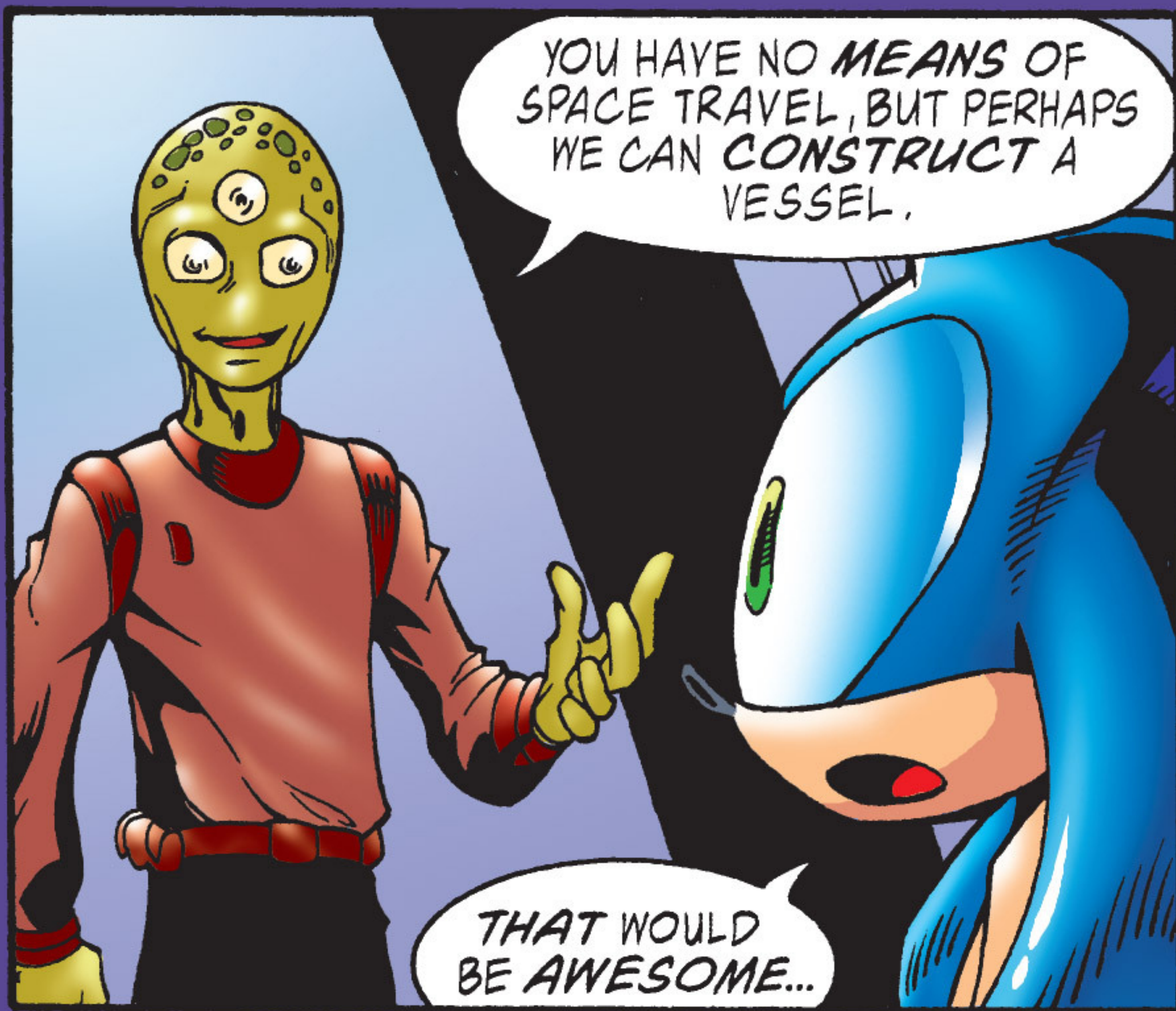
BUT IF YOU'RE NOT A GOD, THEN WHAT ARE YOU...?

I'M A HEDGEHOG WHO'S TRYING TO FIND HIS WAY BACK HOME.

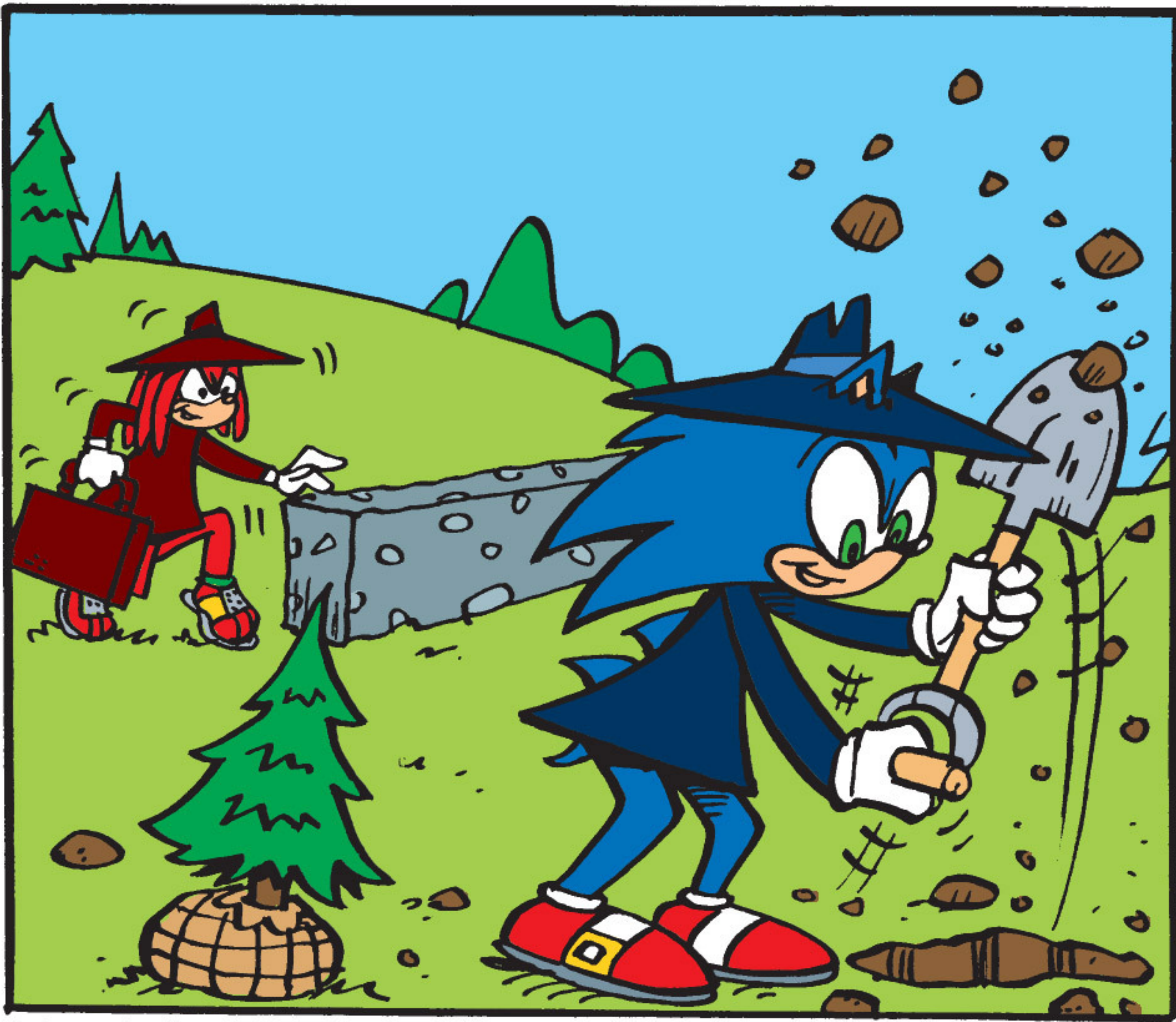


HEDGE... HOG...





AGENT SONIC VS AGENT KNUCKLES



WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER - ART: DAVE MANAK - COLORIST: JASON JENSON - EDITOR: J.F. GABRIE

